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All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10, *Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.*

BEING unable to agree about anything, the Cabinet has decided to go to the country as a Disunited National Government and to appeal simultaneously for support on all possible policies. The Prime Minister's Manifesto is catholic in its scope; Baldwin and Amery Conservatives, Simonites and Samuelites, Mosleyites and renegade Labour men—all can vote for the National Government without a twinge of fear that their particular brand of patriotism has been overlooked. Do you regard tariffs as salvation and Free Trade as damnation? Then vote for the National Government. Do you consider tariffs damnation and Free Trade salvation? All the more reason for supporting the National Government. Do you disbelieve in both as solutions and hold to State control by import boards—Mr. MacDonald's Manifesto will still include you. The only pity is that the Labour Party did not also decide to call itself "National," and then we could have had the spectacle of Mr. Maxton appealing to patriotism in support of "Socialism in our time," Mr. Graham calling for national unity to face the bankers' menace, and Mr. Henderson advertising, as Mr. MacDonald does in his Manifesto, the foreigners' notorious admiration of Great Britain's behaviour in a crisis.

Since the only possible result of a victory for the National Government would be a period of Tory rule, one is not surprised to read in the *Times* that the Conservatives never had "a more enthusiastic party meeting" than that held last Wednesday in support of the National Government. Quite so: but why then should the Labour Party be deemed wicked for indulging in a little party enthusiasm? Capital is being made out of Mr. Graham's prediction that the Election will be one of "the most savage in recent times." But if it is, the fault will not be that of the Labour Party. Mr. Graham was merely pointing to the fact which every one of intelligence anticipated, that the policy of the National Government, the cut in the dole and the social services, and the threat of wage reductions would seem to working and workless men throughout the country a direct challenge, a proof that their rulers would go to any lengths in reducing the standard of living of the poor rather than reform our economic system or touch the monstrous burden of our internal national debt. Hence the fulminations against the bankers, and hence the new temper among the unemployed, the riots and arrests in London and the North of England. Mr. Graham, who is the mildest and least revolutionary of men, was not encouraging a savage temper, but deploring that the Tories had created one.

* * *

Liberals who fear "class war" would do well to consider the effects of the words of Mr. Churchill and

other Right-wing exponents of the class issue. Have they, one wonders, read the National Government's "Orders in Council," published in the *London Gazette?* They give almost unlimited powers to the Government to break contracts—"modify" is the word used—and in short, they provide the legal basis for an extra-parliamentary form of Government—a mild form of Fascism. One cannot feel surprise that Labour speakers are sometimes over-violent in expressing their fear of the Tory reaction which would follow a victory for the National Government.

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The Liberal party embarks on this election with divided forces. Sir John Simon and his friends have an organisation and funds of their own, and are fighting on a platform indistinguishable from that of the Tories. They are said to have done a "deal" in regard to seats, and no doubt their ultimate fate is to be merged in the Conservative party. The main body of Liberals does not regret their loss. Sir John Simon's unctuous self-righteousness has long been a source of embarrassment to them, and no doubt in time it will prove as great a handicap to his new allies. But unfortunately the elimination of the Simonites has still not left a united party. The decision of Sir Herbert Samuel and his colleagues to remain in the Government—without even the vestige of an electoral "formula"—seriously compromises the Liberal position. They do not want to embark on the election committed apparently to the policy of a blank cheque for an undefined national policy. They feel, in short, that they have been caught in Mr. Chamberlain's trap.

* * *

Scarborough has not altered the Labour Party's policy; but it has made it, at certain vital points, a good deal more precise. For example, tariffs in all their forms appear to have been banned with bell, book and candle; but this does not mean a merely negative policy of *laisser faire* in foreign trade. Instead, the demand for its control by means of import and export boards has now been made much more definite than ever before, and this policy is now explicitly advanced as the alternative to tariffs. Secondly, by carrying an amendment proposed by the I.L.P., and accepted without opposition, the Labour Party has declared not only for the control, but also for the public ownership, of the banking system. This is obviously a most important decision, though it is not new; for it clearly indicates the Labour Party's intention, as Mr. Bevin urged at the Conference, to make "the public *versus* the bankers" the chief constructive election issue on its side—in conjunction, of course, with the campaign against the proposed cuts in unemployment benefit. About the nature of those cuts, by the way, the public has a right to a good deal more information than it has yet been given; for in this case, as under the Anomalies Act, a great deal depends on the way in which the new system is to be administered.

* * *

The Scarborough Conference has declared too for a National Investment Board, and for energetic steps by the State to bring about the reorganisation of the basic industries, when practicable, under statutory corporations armed with large powers of control. Appositely to this resolution comes the news from Lancashire that the cotton spinners have rejected the latest of the many schemes put forward for the reorganisation of the trade, though this scheme emanated from the trade itself and was believed to have every chance of being accepted. As a prominent master spinner declared this week, it is plain that "the Lancashire cotton trade will not accept any scheme unless it is rammed down its throat." Probably, in this instance, the rejection is due to hopes that the departure from the gold standard will cause enough of a trade revival to save the industry from collapse. But, revival or no revival, everyone knows that drastic reorganisation is necessary, and there are few optimists left who believe that this will be brought about until the State takes the matter firmly in hand with adequate compulsory powers at its back.

* * *

L'affaire I.L.P. was badly handled by both sides at the Labour Party Conference. It is obviously absurd for the Executive and the I.L.P. to be pursuing at this moment a faction fight which arose out of a situation that is no longer in being. The I.L.P. got itself into the position of defying the Labour Party because it found Mr. MacDonald's Government intolerably indecisive and unsatisfactory. So did many people who are not members of the I.L.P. But now that Mr. MacDonald and his Government have both gone from the Labour movement, the real *casus belli* has been removed; and the quarrel becomes mainly one of punctilio. The I.L.P. will not admit that it has been naughty; and Mr. Henderson will not let it off a smacking. Thus, both parties to the dispute risk, for no useful purpose, an electoral muddle which may result in the appearance of the I.L.P. in a number of constituencies as a distinct party, and heartburnings and troubles in other constituencies where I.L.P. branches exist. Surely we have enough parties already at this Election; and surely the Labour Party and the I.L.P. both have the sense to see the value of presenting a united Opposition front. Our advice to both sides can be put in the opening words of a famous novel: "None of your damned punctilio." The issues at stake are too big and too real.

* * *

The draft regulations under the Anomalies Act do not look as if either the Ministry of Labour or the Advisory Committee had been very successful in the quest for hordes of idlers living wrongfully upon the dole. Our old friends, the seasonal worker and the married woman who is alleged to be not genuinely seeking work, will doubtless be in for new inquisitions when the regulations come into force, and some thousands of persons will be weeded out. As long as the new rules are reasonably interpreted, no one need quarrel with these exclusions; for, presumably, not even the I.L.P. wants to pay away public money to those who have no legitimate claim. But all regulations of this sort have to be so drafted as to leave a great deal to those who administer them; such phrases as "can reasonably expect to obtain insurable employment" are obviously capable of very different interpretations. The Act will do good, and remove abuses, if it is fairly

administered. But if any attempt is made to use it as an instrument of economy, and not simply for its ostensible purpose of preventing anomalies, it can easily be turned into a means of tyranny and oppression.

* * *

Still graver doubts arise in connection with the host of persons on "transitional benefit" who are to be handed over to the Public Assistance Committees for a means test. They number about 852,000, the Minister of Labour stated the other day. He believes that the Public Assistance authorities will be quite equal to this formidable task. But it seems that a good many of the authorities themselves are not so sure of that, and it looks indeed as if the increase of work and of administrative expense will be substantial. Nor is this all. The duty of the P.A. Committees is simple—on paper. They investigate the applicant's means and recommend the amount of relief; this is paid through the Employment Exchange, and the Exchequer foots the bill. But in practice there are considerable differences in the methods and scales adopted by the Committees for their ordinary outdoor relief cases. Some have no scales laid down; many have scales falling below the "dole" level; others are equal to it, and a few above it. In assessing the "transitionals" the P.A. Committees will have to keep down to the insurance benefit level or, if they exceed it, will have to pay the excess out of the local rates. But apart from this, there is a promise of a fine crop of anomalies and discontents—which may be serious, for the temper of the unemployed is rising. What does not seem to be certain, in all the circumstances, is any great saving of expenditure.

* * *

Lord Reading's visit to Paris does not, we fear, mean anything of particular importance to us or anybody else. The French are glad to see him, and some of their newspapers take the occasion to offer a patronising sympathy to poor Britain. Others are curious to know what exactly the Foreign Secretary is after. Is it French help to save the City's pride and position? They are not especially interested in that. But they are interested in the saving of the pound. Its fall has naturally shaken them up, and they make no secret of their anxiety to see it stabilised. Lord Reading can hardly reassure them as yet on that point. Nor evidently can he say anything definite about the other question which disturbs them—the tariff policy of the National Government, when, and if, it gets a majority. But what about M. Laval's coming visit to Washington? Some hopes have been expressed in Paris that he may have British support in his conversations with President Hoover, in which debts and disarmament are going to figure prominently. Such hopes are surely delusions. No British Government of any complexion could back French policy, unless it undergoes a marked change. There is, unhappily, no sign of its doing anything of the sort. It stands fast for one hundred per cent. of reparations and two hundred and fifty per cent. of "security."

* * *

The short uncanny lull in Germany is again violently disturbed. The Reichstag meets on Tuesday, and in order to maintain his position Dr. Brüning has decided to reconstruct his Cabinet. But he is between the upper and nether millstones of the Right and Left. If he can placate the People's Party, for whom he has already sacrificed Dr. Curtius, without losing the passive support of the Social-Democrats, he may yet succeed in appeasing the Reichstag. Should he fail, three courses are open to him. He can resign and force a dissolution. He can attempt to govern without the Reichstag. Or he can seek support from the Nationalists and the Hitlerites. A general election is highly undesirable to all the middle parties. A coalition with the Right has never appealed to Dr. Brüning and will be accepted only as a last resort. For the moment the Chancellor has the backing of President Hindenburg, whose powers in such moments of emergency are far-reaching. In these circumstances suspension of the Reichstag and government by decree is the most probable solution. The whole situation, however, bristles with difficulties, and it is clear that German politics are entering on a new and dangerous phase.

* * *

The Profiteering—or Foodstuffs (Prevention of Exploitation)—Act is the final gesture of the outgoing Government. It is a slipshod piece of work, largely eyewash, since, even if the Government were sincerely anxious to use the powers ostensibly conferred upon it, they might well be handicapped by a strict construction of the Act in the courts. What, for example, is "the present financial situation"? What is an "unreasonable increase" in the price of food? And when is an article an article of "general consumption"? Instead of conferring upon the Board of Trade the vague power of doing whatever it thinks "necessary or expedient"—and this is all the Act does—the Government ought to take specific powers along the lines we indicated last week, power to control prices, power to control supply (without which price control is farcical), and power to re-create, if necessary, the wartime Ministry of Food. Acts which may mean anything—or nothing—are not suited to the circumstances of to-day.

* * *

Senator Dwight Morrow, who died this week at 58, was one of the most valuable public men in the United States. A new chapter in Central American diplomacy was opened by Mr. Coolidge when he sent Morrow to Mexico as Ambassador, and Mr. Hoover did the wisest thing possible when he nominated him to the London Naval Conference. He played a leading part there and might have played a still greater part at the coming Disarmament Conference. For some years during and after the war Dwight Morrow was, with Mr. T. W. Lamont, the most active member of the J. P. Morgan firm in the negotiation of territorial loans, and he gained a special distinction by the broad spirit in which all his work in that field was done. His friends were almost unanimous in the view that he made a mistake by entering Republican politics. It was absurd that a public servant of his quality should wish to be Senator for New Jersey, while there could be nothing in the idea of his being a rival to Mr. Hoover for the presidential nomination.

(*Details of our University Supplement are given on page* 437.)

THE SAME OLD BOOBY-TRAP

JUST seven years ago—in the second week of October, 1924—Parliament was dissolved, and Mr. MacDonald led the first Labour Government into a disastrous election. The Tory trick—the Red letter, the cry that Labour would ruin the country, the appeal to "patriotism"—was completely successful. All over the country Liberals were duped: they voted for the Tories, and then lamented to find their own party in the House a small and ineffective group, the laughing stock of an overwhelming Conservative majority. We are not surprised that the Tories should set the trap again. But it is to us an astonishing thing that this time Mr. MacDonald should himself lend his great reputation to the services of a Tory party manœuvre and that Sir Herbert Samuel and other Liberals, whose intelligence we have hitherto respected, should again walk, this time open-eyed, into the same stale old booby-trap. In vain, it is said, the fowler spreads his net in sight of the bird, and in vain indeed it is in the sight of that downy old bird, Mr. Lloyd George. The *Manchester Guardian* too, after hovering for a moment rather dangerously near the snare, has uttered a warning cry and fled very decisively into safety and common sense. But how many of the five million Liberal voters will be wise enough to follow its lead, and how many will prefer to accept Sir Herbert Samuel's invitation to vote their own extinction we must still wonderingly speculate.

The disguise to-day is even thinner than it was in 1924. Within a week the pretence that there is a "National Government" will be laughed off every political platform in the country. The National Government makes a united appeal to the country to give it a free hand on the understanding that all the members and parties represented in the National Government also have a free hand simultaneously to advocate their divergent policies on the same platform. Mr. MacDonald, standing as a Labour candidate who has just been expelled from the Labour Party, appeals for support as head of an overwhelmingly Tory administration. He asks for a "Doctor's Mandate" on the ground that the Government which he leads cannot make up its mind what remedy to apply. Mr. Baldwin and his followers, who believe in nothing positive except tariffs, are to fight on the same national platform with Sir Herbert Samuel, the least repentant of Free Traders; at the same time the Conservatives propose to put up a tariff candidate against him in his own constituency. Could the brain which composed Iolanthe have conceived a more grotesque political fantasia?

The excuse offered for all this gibberish is that it was the extravagance of the Labour Government which was responsible for the crisis in August, and that only a policy of drastic cuts in the social services and reductions in wages and unemployment benefit can save this country from ruin. Internal mistakes were, of course, partly responsible, but the mistakes were not that we paid a dole, but that we ever returned to the gold standard and that successive Governments preferred to keep an army of unemployed instead of setting to work to reorganise our derelict industries and to embark on a considered policy of national development. The important thing to realise now is that, while we have remedied the first of these mistakes by going off gold and must remedy the others by a constructive economic policy, no real solution is possible except on an international basis.

As our City Editor points out to-day, America, with the highest tariffs, with no dole, with almost no national social services, and with a preposterously large gold reserve, is now being compelled to abandon deflation and may perhaps itself before long be forced off the gold standard. The one policy which would be completely ruinous to this country and which would immediately lead to retaliation on the part of our neighbours and intensify the world's economic misery is just that advocated by the Tories—a stiff protectionist tariff combined with an effort to reduce still further our purchasing power by cuts in the dole and in wages. Until a great international effort has been made to wipe out reparations and war debts and to solve the problem of the maldistribution of gold, there is no hope of ending the world depression. Mr. MacDonald, we believe, is personally anxious to carry through such an international conference. But can anyone believe in its chances of success if the Tories come into power with a tariff mandate?

Liberals who still entertain any doubts about the real nature of this "patriotic appeal" should read the fulminations of the less discreet Conservatives. They should read the frankly class propaganda of the *Morning Post* and *Daily Telegraph*, and glance at Mr. Churchill's declaration of class war in the *Daily Mail*. They should ask themselves whether they are really prepared to help to bring into power a Government whose notion of serving their country and their generation is to foster petty nationalism in a world sick almost unto death from its failure to act internationally. Do they really want to be parties to an effort to return to our old parity, the return to which in 1925 has proved so fatal to our national economy? For Liberals to support this National Government is to turn their backs on everything they have stood for, to discard all that they have ever said about national development, the public control of industry and finance, to throw the Liberal Yellow Book down the drain and to announce themselves no longer the advocates of greater equality and advancing social reform, but the partisans of reaction and class government. If they do support the National Government, they justify the old Socialist taunt that Liberals, when the issue is joined, prove to be no different from Tories, and that their belief in a more just distribution of wealth was a fair-weather faith which would not stand a minute's test in a storm. Incidentally it would also be to make themselves the silly dupes of the most obvious piece of party trickery. It would wipe them out as a political force and deliver them body and soul into their enemy's hands. What Liberal candidates and voters should realise is that the immediate menace is the possibility of five years Tory government: they will simply stultify themselves if they abandon the right to offer such a government uncompromising opposition. For them in particular this election is a testing time—a test not only of principle but also of intelligence.

THE CONTROL OF NATIONAL INVESTMENT

[We promised our readers some time ago to give the gist of Mr. E. H. Davenport's lecture at the Liberal Summer School on "National Investment and Planning." As the socialisation and reorganisation of our economic system have become an urgent political issue we have now asked Mr. Davenport to state his case for the control of national investment in two articles, the first of which is given this week.—ED., N.S. & N.]

I. THE PRESENT MUDDLE

WE have a permanent Cabinet Committee—the Committee of Imperial Defence—planning for the next war, but is it not more important to have a Cabinet Committee of Economic Defence planning for the next slump? The call for preparedness should apply equally to our economic affairs. A world slump is as much a plague as a world war, and if we are wise we should be planning ceaselessly to counter the deadly effects of the next contagion. We may never be immune from attack, but we can at any rate put up a stronger resistance if our own body economic is free from disease. And the first treatment we should give it—if I may prolong this metaphor—is the ordering of its diet, which means the control or supervision of investment. If we order investment wisely we make sure that the vital organs of the economic system will function free from serious disease.

We get the clearest view of the flow of the national earnings or money-income if we take Mr. Keynes' twofold division—in his *Treatise on Money*—namely, (1) the parts which have been *earned* by the production of (*a*) consumption-goods and of (*b*) capital-goods respectively, and (2) the parts which are *expended* on (*a*) consumption-goods and on (*b*) savings respectively. It is not necessary for the purpose of my argument to invite acceptance of Mr. Keynes' theory that the economic machine gets out of gear when the proportion between (*a*) and (*b*) in (1) differs from the proportion between (*a*) and (*b*) in (2). I am only concerned to call attention to the importance of the part played by savings in the working of the machine. "Savings" are purchasing power put into the money machine; they become "invested" when they are actually expended on capital goods or, as Mr. Keynes calls them, investment-goods. What we have to realise is that there is nothing under our present system to compel investment to be equal to savings. "The performance of the act of saving," as Mr. Keynes says, "is in itself no guarantee that the stock of capital goods will be correspondingly increased." As I read this statement of economic theory I was convinced of a truth which I had been gradually realising from practical experience of the investment outlet of the money machine—that the State must supervise or direct the investment of the national savings if it is to ensure national stability. The individual may be left free to make the decision to save and to continue in ownership of his savings, but the agencies for turning his savings into investment must be supervised by the State. It is clear to my mind that investment cannot safely be left to the haphazard competition of the various private agencies that now exist for the utilisation of savings. Investment must be directed by the State into fields of production which it considers conducive to the maintenance of employment at the highest possible level. If we had spent less time in fighting about the "dole" and more in thinking about and planning the investment of the national savings, the army of the unemployed might never have reached such ghastly and unmanageable proportions.

Let us examine the existing machinery for directing savings into investment. First, there is the reinvestment of *undistributed profits* by companies and private traders in their own individual businesses. Normally this would account for as much as 38 per cent. of the national savings. The State cannot exercise any influence in this field of investment unless it assumes some control of the basic industries or unless it exempts from taxation undistributed profits reinvested in industries which are subject to some form of State supervision. This field of investment I am not called upon to discuss. Secondly, there are the special organisations which link up the flow of savings with investment for special purposes such as the building societies, agricultural mortgage banks and other similar institutions. These do not use the machinery of the new issue market, so that if new issues are to be brought under control it is obvious that the building societies and mortgage institutions cannot be left to compete without restriction for the available supply of savings. Thirdly, there is the long-term capital market which prepares and offers new securities, both foreign and domestic, to those possessed of savings to invest. In this market I include not only the big London issuing houses, but the Stock Exchange, which indirectly offers new securities to the public in the form of stock or share "introductions." Together these agencies take up in normal times about 50 per cent. of the national savings.

In the long-term capital market we see the follies and wastefulness of private enterprise at their worst. To begin with, there is no sort of control over the London market in either domestic or foreign issues. The company promoters and the issuing houses float just as many issues as they think the investing public will stomach. For example, the primary consideration of the market in domestic issues is not the needs of industry, but the needs of financial salesmanship. Issues are chiefly promoted which are likely to go well with the public and to give the promoters a chance of snatching a quick profit on the Stock Exchange. It is not generally appreciated that in the promotion of the average new company some 10 per cent. of the capital goes in the expenses of the issue and 50 per cent., not in providing new capital for industry, but in making a present to the promoters and vendors of cash for the purchase of "existing rights." Now the 1928–29 boom in industrial issues led not only to a great waste of private capital—we need not shed tears over fools parting with their money to the vendors of new inventions or bubble companies—but to the harmful disturbance of existing industries. The promotion, for example, of unnecessary artificial silk companies brought about such an excess capacity of plant that Courtaulds embarked on a policy of cutting prices to unremunerative levels in order to force the redundant companies into liquidation and their plant on to the scrap-heap. Much the same disturbance occurred in the safety glass and gramophone industries. The opposite extreme to the rashness and wastefulness of capital issues in a period of Stock Exchange activity is seen in a period of prolonged trade depression. Not an issue can then be made in the London capital market. No promoter will venture an appeal to the public, for no appeal would "go" in the Stock Exchange sense. Thus at a time when the employment of capital in productive enterprises is urgently required to offset the rising tide of unemployment, the machinery of the capital market breaks down. It is surely obvious that a Government with a planned economic policy cannot afford to leave the domestic capital market to the chances of private financial salesmanship.

The Macmillan Committee complained that the market in domestic issues was not so well organised or equipped as the market in foreign issues. This criticism is important. It must be understood that in the City of London there is every grade of issuing house from the unapproachable to the disreputable. It is unfortunately true that when subscriptions to a foreign issue are invited, the prospectus is almost certain to carry the name of one of the old-established private banks whose reputation is world-wide, whereas a subscription to a domestic issue is more likely to be promoted by an issuing house of mushroom growth which makes less play of its own name than of the name of one of the "Big Five" Joint Stock Banks which is "receiving subscriptions

to the issue." This is largely the fault of London's historical associations. London as the centre of world trade has attracted the great merchant banking houses. British industry, on the other hand, grew up largely in the Midlands and the North, and was financed mainly out of profits and partly by private or family banks which had their headquarters in the provinces. But it must not be supposed that the honourable private banks which make the foreign issues pay any attention to the competing claims of British industry or the needs of national or international investment. It is true that no foreign issue is made without the Governor of the Bank of England being consulted if the sterling exchanges are likely to be affected. But this so-called "unofficial embargo" on foreign loans is no guarantee that issues will not be made overseas when capital is more urgently required at home. For example, in the first six months of this year, when the exchanges were continually in danger and the tide of unemployment was rising, 60.8 per cent. of the total issues in the London capital market were for overseas account—£9,000,000 being foreign loans and £35,600,000 Indian and Colonial loans. In 1930 foreign loans totalled £35,700,000 and Indian and Colonial £61,400,000, while £15,600,000 of overseas issues were "introduced" in the Stock Exchange—a total of £112,700,000. Yet according to the Board of Trade our surplus balance on international account—the measure of what we have available to lend overseas—dropped to £89,000,000 in 1930 and to-day is undoubtedly a minus quantity. Clearly "unofficial embargoes" are not enough; some form of public control of the capital market in foreign issues as well as domestic is required.

I have dealt only with the private agencies for directing savings into investing, but the State itself takes hold of a proportion of the national savings through its instrument of taxation. In a subsequent article I will make some suggestions for putting an end to the present muddle in the utilisation of private savings. No constructive economic policy will ever be carried out until the State directs the machinery of national investment. E. H. DAVENPORT.

RUSSIAN NOTES

II.—HOW THE PLAN WORKS.

THE Five Year Plan is not a stunt. Anybody who goes to Russia with such a notion will be disabused of it in twenty-four hours. The Plan pervades the country from Leningrad to Vladivostok, from Archangel to Baku. It is immensely ambitious, but it is not fanciful. Why should it be? It was not a case of tinkering with a highly developed economy or finding work that was not mere "relief" work for the unemployed, but of developing a territory of 8¼ million square miles, with a few comparatively feeble industries, a primitive system of agriculture, and vast untapped resources. Of course, nobody supposes this will be accomplished in five years. The original figure of five (which has now come down in actual time to four) was taken for convenience and to set definite periods for programmes of work. There is nothing sacred in it; the programmes have been revised and revised again, and in many cases they have already been completed. But there is a prodigious amount yet to be done, and more plans will follow.

Of the success of the Plan as a whole there can be no doubt in the mind of anyone who has seen it in operation. Of course, it is not perfect; it has weaknesses of which I shall speak in a moment. It may go awry in the future. Or it may produce a type of civilisation that many will deplore. But here and now, as a scheme of economic reconstruction, it is achieving remarkable results, and I can see no reason why it should not continue to do so. The most spectacular achievements so far have been in the heavy industries and agriculture, which have had pride of place. There is the huge hydro-electric power plant at Dnieprstroy. There is Stalingrad, which is designed to turn out 50,000 tractors a year and is already turning out a hundred a day. There is Autostroy at Nijni Novgorod, which is nearing completion and will have an annual output of 140,000 Ford cars and trucks. Magnitogorsk, in the Ufal Mountains, is expected to extract 6,500,000 tons of iron ore and to produce annually 2,500,000 tons of pig iron, 2,800,000 of coke, 2,700,000 of Martin steel, and 2,100,000 of rolled iron. These are only two or three of the giant undertakings. Add to them and their like the coalfields; the oil of Baku (I found no confirmation of the rumour that this is running dry); the Turksib railway. Add, above all, the Collective and the State farms. Allow what you like for checks or accidents; discount some of the figures. But do not imagine that what the Bolsheviks are building is castles in Spain.

The light industries, though their expansion has been subordinated to that of the heavy, are also doing their part. I was told of a boot and shoe factory which is at present producing 21,000 pairs a day, working a six-day week with three shifts, and expects presently to turn out eight million pairs a year; and of a chocolate works which with a daily output of 160 tons has completed its plan in two and a half years. There are new enterprises, too, constantly starting. The first artificial silk factory—the precursor of twenty-five similar plants—is nearly finished. A macaroni factory was opened at Kazan last month which is equipped to produce 12 tons a day of this nourishing if nasty stuff. A plant in Daghestan will manufacture next year 120 tons of iodine crystals—an amount equal, it is said, to the total annual import of iodine by the U.S.S.R. A new cotton-growing area of 2,500,000 acres is in preparation—half of which, it is hoped, will be ready by the spring. And the spring will also see, in all probability, a spurt in the light industries. Kuibishev, the chairman of the State Planning Commission, has announced that he regards the heavy industries as pretty well established and that more energy can now be devoted to supplying clothes, textiles, boots, dairy and food products.

But it is time to look at the other side of the picture. There have been and there are hitches and handicaps. One is the delay in getting machinery and materials. This is due to two causes; the State, for reasons both financial and political, is limited in the amount it can import, and the internal transport system is unequal to the demands put upon it. Nor can the demand for labour be satisfied. Every able-bodied Russian, of course, is fully occupied, and there is a small sprinkling in the factories and on the farms of foreign workers—mostly Americans, Germans, Scandinavians, Czechs. Some of the less skilled sort of work is done on urgent jobs by clerks and teachers and students, who give up their holidays to what they regard as a labour of love or duty. The value of their labour is not to be scoffed at, I was told. Another weakness is on the managerial side. The nucleus of foreign engineers and experts that the Soviet Government has hired at a great price is supplemented by Russians whose theory is generally better than their practice—or so the Americans commonly assert—and who in any case are not yet enough in numbers. But to this the Government is quite alive, and strenuous efforts are being made to recruit and train specialists and administrators for industry and agriculture.

There remains the unknown quantity—the manual worker, on whom in the last resort so much depends. How will all these millions of men and women shape in an economy of machines and mass productions? I have plied foreign experts, who direct them, as well as Russians, who know their countrymen, with this question. And the answer in brief runs thus. The Russian worker (the phrase is, of course, a wide generalisation) is at present nothing like the equal of the English or American or German. He has not their skill or finish or quickness. But he is not a Kanaka or a Red Indian. There is nothing the matter with

his brain or his physique, and there is no reason why the mechanics and machinists of the U.S.S.R. should not be on a level with those of the West, when they have had the training and the experience. And when, their Russian censors add, they have unlearned that slovenly, easy-going habit of mind which is summed up in the word *Nitchevo! Nitchevo* to the Communist zealot is one of the deadly sins, and by word and pen and example he is hunting it down. Meanwhile, a combination of ignorance, slowness, ardour and hustle has inevitably resulted in a great deal of inferior work and waste of material, and of high costs. Critics of the Plan have fastened on its weakness in quality as distinct from quantity of output. And those in authority have admitted the truth of the charge, and the word has gone forth that quality is now to be put before quantity.

Before we leave this subject, there is a word to be said about the means employed to keep up the pace of construction and production. Compulsion in the crude sense of the word has played very little part in it. There are unhappy *kulaks* and some others who have been set to work unwillingly. But it is absurd to imagine that the Five Year Plan is run by "forced labour." The methods are both more subtle and more simple — propaganda, appeals to patriotism, to Socialist ideals, to personal pride and group pride, and last but not least to the pocket. Two or three of these are of peculiar interest. One is the device of "Socialist competition," which sets factory A to challenge factory B to a race for the completion of the programme. Another is the "shock brigade" system, under which a handful of enthusiasts band themselves together in the works or office or farm to do a particular job at lightning speed, thus hastening on the completion of the Plan, and at the same time setting the pace for the rest or inspiring them by their example. The *udarniki*, or shock-brigaders, are encouraged by material rewards and privileges as well as by public esteem. They are exalted in the press and on the factory "wall-sheets"; they may even go farther. Along the river bank in the people's park at Moscow I saw what looked in the distance like the row of busts of Roman Emperors in the British Museum. On closer inspection they turned out to be the heads of common workmen—or, if you please, uncommon workmen—*udarniki* who had done a bit more than their bit. Each pedestal bore the name of the man and the feat for which he had been awarded the "Order of Lenin" or the "Order of the Red Banner." The foreign tourist may perhaps think it funny. But the Muscovite does not.

Finally, there is the piece-rate system, whose recent extension (it was not an innovation in the U.S.S.R.) has excited so much interest abroad. Whatever may be thought about the principle of the thing, there were evidently strong practical arguments for it. Many tales are told of the anomalies, the discontent and the slackness resulting from equal (or more or less equal) wages. And many are told of the increased productivity under the new incentive. In one coal-pit for which I was given figures, the average earnings of the hewers went up promptly from 4.6 roubles a day to 6.2; and this was not regarded as at all an exceptional case. (Now they will presumably be higher, for a new schedule of rates has come into force in the coalfields as well as in the steel industry. In the latter the rates are graded in eight categories, and earnings may range, it appears, from 3½ roubles to 13 roubles a day.) That this inequality is repugnant to Socialist doctrine, or a danger in a Socialist State, the Communists will not admit. Whatever your income in Russia, they say, you cannot use it to exploit your fellows. Nor need trouble be feared from having slightly different levels of comfort; education, together with the fact that anyone with brains and character can reach the highest level, will prevent that. And ultimately, with abundance, all difficulty will disappear; it will be "from each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs." They may be right or they may be wrong. But in any case it looks as if the piece-system had come to stay in Soviet Russia.

C. M. LLOYD.

A LONDON DIARY

THOSE who are trying to identify the Labour Party with national ruin and the Conservative Party (euphemistically rechristened the National Party) with national salvation seem to me to be playing a game which is most certainly dangerous, if it is not dirty. The Labour Party is the Opposition, and His Majesty's Opposition is an integral part of the Constitution as we know it. When Mr. Garvin writes in the *Observer*: "The policy of the Labour Opposition would make it impossible to save from collapse the whole economic basis of Britain and the foundations of the life of the people," he is, of course, writing sheer nonsense, but it is highly dangerous nonsense. We are not going to be governed by the Conservative Party until the crack of doom—indeed, it is only too likely that, if we are governed at all by the Conservative Party, doom will crack pretty shortly and sharply. That being so, the time will come quite soon when the Labour Opposition becomes the Labour Government. To try to spread the idea abroad that the advent to power of one of the two parties in the State must inevitably be accompanied by a financial collapse may be a good method of winning a single election, but those who played this game, when they come, as they must, to losing an election, may find that they have done irretrievable damage not only to our credit but to our Constitution. For they are themselves creating conditions in which it might well be impossible for the Opposition to succeed to power without a financial collapse or a revolution, or both. History is strewn with the wreckage of societies and systems in which the blind and obstinate folly of the power and property holders in thinking that they could safely not observe the rules of their own game and could fool all the people all the time led eventually to their own, and unfortunately many other people's, ruin.

* * *

I was not present at the meetings of the Cabinet in which the National Government tried so long and so unsuccessfully to perpetuate its existence by means of that mysterious contrivance a formula. But I happen to be able to give a far more accurate account of what happened through those weary days and hours at 10 Downing Street than has been served up for their gullible readers by the daily papers. First you must actually envisage a Cabinet meeting. The Cabinet is a committee and we all know what a committee is. The Cabinet of the National Government is a committee of elderly gentlemen. Six of its members are very near the allotted span of three score years and ten, and one has already exceeded it. Imagine these elderly gentlemen sitting round a table. They are discussing the programme of the National Government for election purposes. They hold irreconcilable views on the tariff question. Now we all know what happens on a Committee when views are irreconcilable. First for many, many hours the two sides wrangle, trying to convince the one the other. A stage is reached when even the middle-aged and youthful become fatigued and every one repeats for the hundredth time what he has said before. At last some one gets up and goes into another room. He sits by himself and writes. He comes back to the committee waving a piece of paper and says: "I think that I've found a formula to which we can all agree." He reads out a form of words which one side can read in one sense and the other in another. The elderly gentlemen sigh with relief; they can agree to the formula and get away to dinner. Every one agrees, when at the last moment someone says something which shows that really they all do remain of the same opinion still. The wrangling begins all over again, and it only ends when fatigue finally causes them in despair

either to swallow the formula again or to lose their tempers and admit that they cannot agree.

* * *

I have been studying the daily papers since the middle of September in order to try to discover what composition entitles a Government to call itself a National Government or a political party a National Party. The result of my investigations can best be given in tabular form as follows:

Date.	Patriotic supporters of National Government or Party.	Opposition Unpatriotic.
September 15	Conservative Party Liberal Party Mr. Macdonald Mr. Thomas Mr. Snowden	Labour Party.
October 1	Conservative Party Part of Liberal Party Mr. MacDonald Mr. Thomas Mr. Snowden	Labour Party. Part of Liberal Party.
October 2	All Protectionists	All Free Traders.
October 3	Conservative Party Mr. MacDonald Mr. Thomas Mr. Snowden Sir John Simon	Labour Party. Liberal Party.
October 7	The Doctor (Mr. MacDonald) Doctor's Assistants (Mr. Thomas and Mr. Snowden) Protectionists Free Traders Sir John Simon	Labour Party. Mr. Lloyd George
Jan. 1, 1932 (probably)	Lord MacDonald Lord Thomas Lord Snowden	Labour Party. Liberal Party. Conservative Party Sir John Simon.

* * *

Sir William Orpen has died when the discussion of his last " picture of the year " has hardly ceased. He furnished the sensation, as well as some of the best painting, of most recent Academies. Those who were little interested in art, and those who did not expect to find much of it at Burlington House, were always eager each year to know what the Orpens were like. They expected a surprise, and he usually provided it. When it came, it was neither a catchpenny thrill nor a miracle of painting. It was technically an extremely accomplished piece of work, for his standard in that respect was very high, yet craftsmanship alone would not have distinguished him from the most skilful of his fellow-Academicians. The difference lay in the angle from which he saw his subject, or the complete ingenuousness of his choice of it. There would be a vein of impish comment, a complete candour strangely near devastating satire, or the translation of something quite commonplace into something startling because of the great interest he took in painting it. He was at his best when he was playing with his amazing talent, when he shut the door on the queue of important personages lined up for their official portraits and frankly painted what amused him, what he thought, or what awakened his sense of wonder. This absence of the laboured or the affected, which marked his happiest work, made it refreshingly conspicuous in public exhibitions; it was also a reflection of the man himself, who never sought publicity and everywhere commanded regard. For those who knew him in private life regard is too cold a word. He was no respecter of persons, he was generous to a fault. And his vitality, his humanity, and his humour (which was not mere schoolboy fun, as some of the obituarists have hinted, but often sparkling wit) made him one of the most delightful companions in the world.

* * *

With Lord Henry Cavendish-Bentinck there passes from our political life a figure which one could only contemplate with affection and respect. By birth and temperament, in his manners and dress, he was the great English aristocrat; by conviction he was a radical. The combination is by no means uncommon in English history, but the type has no place in the modern world and it is safe and sad to say that there will never be a successor to Henry Bentinck in the House of Commons or House of Lords. The charm and strength of his independent character are proved by the fact that he sat for forty-five years in the House of Commons as a Conservative member and yet over and over again on the most important and passionate questions spoke and voted against his party. He was always on the right side, whether it was peace with Ireland, or international peace, or social reform, but it was rarely the side of his own party. But as I say, there is no longer any place in English politics for the radical aristocrat, and I shall always think of Henry Bentinck as the political Don Quixote of our time, a Don Quixote superb in top hat and black morning suit and with a carnation in his buttonhole. CRITIC.

THE END OF NOISE

IT is stated by the Paris correspondent of the *Times* that Paris, one of the noisiest cities in the world by day, has now become one of the most silent by night. I wonder if I should find it so if I returned to it? I have never stayed in any city that did not seem to me to be noisy by night. Living in a quiet street some distance from the main flow of traffic, I find almost anywhere else, except the country, Bedlam by comparison. Even a small city like Peterborough can produce enough noise under cover of darkness to reverberate horribly through the memory for years. On the night on which I stayed there, shunting trains converted themselves into an orchestra of such banging and whistling as I had never heard before; it was as if mischievous children had escaped from their beds and were using half the engines and trucks in England to play some devilish game. As a rule, I like the sound of a passing railway train; it is a kind of music that lulls the imagination and fades into the distance as pleasantly as a fading dream. But at Peterborough the trains never seemed to pass. They puffed and then stopped; bumped and then stopped; hooted and then stopped. By day there is something agreeable in the noise of shunting carriages, as the jangling note passes from carriage to carriage down the line. But at night the discontinuity of sound irritates the brain and makes sleep difficult. We sleep most easily among noises that are as monotonous as the rocking of a cradle. But to listen to the shunting of the trains in Peterborough was like lying in a cradle that was being kicked rather than rocked. The worst of the noise of motor traffic, I fancy, is that it is never sufficiently monotonous. Each motor lorry as it passes is a new outrage on the silence. At one moment the hotel in which one is trying to sleep is buried in peace; at the next it is shaken from roof to cellar as a wave of uproar sweeps past it on the road below. Do not be deceived by the old-world appearance of a small country town; if it happens to lie in the path of nocturnal lorry traffic you will find no rest there. Better spend the night in the heart of Manchester. There, at least, you will not expect peace, and you will be armed against the worst.

As for the noises of foreign cities at night, I am not sure that I am in favour of their abolition. To lie listening to them in the small hours is one of the entertainments of foreign travel. One has always assumed that foreigners like noise for noise's sake, and one regards their noises, like their dishes, as something characteristic and strange and delightful. Who has ever objected to being roused too early from his sleep in Florence by the noise of the whips that crack like pistol shots? Is not the three-o'clock-in-the-morning wakefulness of Nice an expression of the commercialised pleasure of the place? If a foreigner likes his car to make as much noise as possible at all hours of the day, after all, he is in his own country, and one wishes to see him behaving

according to his nature. Why should there be a standardising of the nations into a universal silence after midnight? I desire silence in the country in which I live, but let the country I visit follow its own way. At the same time, one of the noises that has been suppressed by the Parisian Prefect of Police I would gladly be spared if I were visiting Paris. It is described in the *Times* as "hammering on walls." I am not certain how this is done. Does the midnight reveller on his way home choose a house to his liking and begin to hammer fiercely on its walls with none but an artistic purpose? Or, having returned to his flat, does he beat his knuckles on the walls for the pure pleasure of infuriating his neighbours? It is difficult to imagine that the custom of hammering on walls can ever have been widespread. Even in a nation that loves noise, the love of noise cannot often have taken so curious a shape.

There is another noise that the Prefect of Police is to be commended for suppressing. This is the noise of carpet-beating, which "is not merely forbidden at night, but has been made illegal at all times and in all places if the sound can be heard on a public highway." There is probably no noise on earth that is more exasperating than the noise of carpets being beaten. If one were doing nothing, one might find it tolerable and even pleasant, but to try to write while carpets are being beaten in a neighbouring garden is like trying to write under a rain of hammer-blows. It is only when one is trying to write that one realises the malignant effect of different noises. It is then that one learns what an odious music is the bark of a dog. The dog must have very good qualities to have persuaded man to forgive it that staccato yap. There is no other animal befriended by man that can so fill the world with a noise worse than carpet-beating. I would rather listen to the noises of an entire farmyard than to the barking of one small dog. The roar of a bull is in comparison soothing, and the cackle of a hen that has laid an egg angelic. I am not sure that dogs should not be forbidden to bark by the police.

It is foolish, perhaps, however, to become too sensitive to noise. Nature, as well as men and dogs, is noisy, and if we begin to demand a soundless world we shall find ourselves resenting the whistle of the wind in the chimney and calling for the suppression of the noise of the waves at seaside resorts after midnight. I have known people who could not sleep near the sea, but the rest of us, knowing that we cannot reduce it to silence, have even learned to take a positive pleasure in its uproar. Possibly, as civilisation progresses, we shall gradually come to take as much pleasure in the noises of civilisation as in the noises of Nature. Carpet-beating will then elate our hearts like the voice of the cataract, and the pneumatic drill will seem one of the amenities of the city streets, sweet as the tinkle of the flowing stream.

If this is so, Oxford will do well to pause before committing itself to yet another lost cause by supporting the Society for Noise Abatement, which has been inaugurated there this week. Sir Maurice Craig, in an address to a meeting of the Society, denied that it was possible to get used to noise as to other things in life, but, if this were so, surely civilisation would have come to an end long ago owing to our incapacity to accustom ourselves to its continual output of new noises. Every great invention brings a new noise into the world—almost always an intolerable noise. The din of a modern shipyard would have seemed devilish to the builder of the old wooden boats, and he would have convinced himself that no one could live amid such noise and remain sane. The inventors of the machinery of the cotton mill also invented noises in which human beings cannot hear each other speak; yet human beings have endured them. The noise of the coach on the stones gave way to the noise of the railway train, and this in turn is giving way to the noise of the motor car; and human beings, constant only in their patience, have accepted the noises as part of the change. Even the farmer over whose fields once lay a perpetual peace, broken by no worse sound than the swish of a scythe, has introduced noiser and noiser machines into the countryside, and it looks as though the farm of the future will be merely a rural factory. I myself prefer the old world of scythe and spade, but the thing is beyond mending. We are committed to progress, and progress is impossible without noise. Hence, I think it is well for those in authority to persuade us, not that noise is injurious to us, but that it is an admirable thing which we shall one day get to enjoy. If we become suspicious that every chiming clock is doing us an injury, we shall all become nervous wrecks, unable to sleep because we think we are unable to sleep.

This is not to say that we should permit noises to accumulate and increase without protest. I should myself like to see every noise that I dislike suppressed. Gramophones and loud speakers at open windows, noisy motor cars, barking and howling dogs, carpet-beating, traction engines, hammering on walls, trams, bands in restaurants—the world would be a happier place without any of these. And, if I lived in Oxford I should be particularly in favour of suppressing them all in that city. But it is to the inventors rather than to the police that I look for the ultimate abolition of noise. Let them use their brains, not, as in the past, to increase the universal din, but to silence the mighty inventions they have made. It is for them to give us a silent motor lorry, a silent traction engine, and a loud speaker that is inaudible outside the walls of the room. They have invented almost everything else by now: let them now invent a silent city. But how millions of people would hate it!

Y. Y.

A TRIPLET POPULATION

THE vision of the Reverend Mr. Malthus has not been fulfilled. No sign has appeared that a time will ever come when there are too many mouths and too little to eat. The industrialised peoples of Europe and America that constitute Western civilisation are not yet faced with the threat of swarming esurient masses consuming more than they can produce. We have, on the contrary, in every civilised country, the spectacle of a population the growth of which is rapidly diminishing to zero, producing far more than it can consume and only failing to produce the wit or the will to devise a means of overhauling its broken machinery of distribution, or the hardihood to scrap it.

No doubt the civilised world will learn through more or less tribulation to manage its resources. But it will also have to manage its growth for the very opposite reason that Malthus projected. We are not, it is true, threatened with immediate extinction. We are, nevertheless, approaching a point, either through the agency of a natural biological law which regulates the growth of all living organisms as Raymond Pearl claims, or through the artificial limitation of the size of the family and other causes as yet unexplained, at which growth in population ceases. Beyond this point a decline once started will send the curve of population downhill on an ever steeper path with steadily increasing rapidity, and long before extinction is in sight a shrinking society will become inadequate to the demands of its economic system, whatever that may chance to be.

To-day in the large industrial centres of Europe the average number of children per family tends to a value of somewhere about 1.5. This figure, allowing for mortality, is not sufficient to maintain the population level. The process of shrinkage in the size of the family to this average, moreover, tends to spread to rural areas, and even the Roman Catholic countries, where birthrate is usually highest, show clear indications of falling into line with their heretical neighbours. This fact is most strikingly shown in the Roman Catholic areas of Holland and Germany. Also there are distinct indications (recently referred to during the discussion of Population at the British Association

meeting) that the same low average in the number of children per family is extending to all social grades. Provided no measures are taken to check this process the average human family in all countries where Western culture prevails will, in the near future, contain less than two children. When this stage is reached there may arise a curious natural check to the further diminution in the size of the family which may alter the constitution of populations in a startling way.

Supposing an average family of 1.5 becomes general, one class of people in every country will certainly produce families larger than the average, whatever happens. It is the class constituting the parents of twins and triplets. Children of multiple births will become a much more significant proportion of the population than ever before. Calculation, checked by observation, has established the fact that one birth in every eighty-eight is a twin birth and one in every eighty-eight squared is a triplet birth. Since the single birth population will not be able to maintain its level, and the twin and triplet population will be continually increasing, a time will come when the majority of births will be multiple and not single births. But the length of time required for any significant surplus of twins and triplets to emerge would be enormous were it not that another factor is likely to enter on the side of the multiple birth population.

There is reason to suppose from statistical facts, though the supposition has not yet been confirmed, that there are hereditary factors involved in the tendency to produce twins and triplets. The exact mode of their transmission has not yet been determined, but there is evidence for the belief that both identical and non-identical twins and triplets are the result of genetic characters which are apparently transmitted through the male as well as the female germ-cells. If the tendency to multiple birth is inherited by means of a not too numerous series of factors, there will be a steady selection of triplets. This process will become more rapid as the single birth population diminishes, until with few exceptions triplet families will become universal. In this way one at least of the problems that vex modern civilised society will in time solve itself.

Since the days, over half a century ago, when *The Story of an African Farm* was published and a small band of enthusiastic men and women pioneered an idealistic feminism, the status of women in society has completely altered. There is no need to insist to-day on the essential equality of the sexes. Politically it has been recognised in almost every civilised country by the extension of the franchise to women. Even Olive Schreiner's own country, socially backward in some respects, has, after resisting for more than a generation, recently conceded the parliamentary vote to its white female citizens. There are no very strong reasons for supposing that the intellectual differences between men and women amount to anything at all. If the results of intelligence tests on boys and girls are any indication of the relative mental capacity of the sexes, the differences are insignificant. There may be indeed some degree of temperamental dissimilarity. But it cannot be shown that such differences as there may be are of sufficient importance certainly to raise a serious bar to the entry of women to any of the fields of economic activity and enterprise.

What the early feminists did not make allowance for was the purely biological difference between men and women in a society. However common it may have been for feminist propaganda to be carried on by spinsters, childless wives, and those exceptional women who bring up a family, write books, conduct political campaigns, engage in several other occupations efficiently, and all at the same time, it was for the ordinary woman that their claims were made. It is she who must be the means of maintaining the population level. Though all the other areas of human activity become a common field of masculine and feminine labour, there remains the one exclusively feminine occupation of child-bearing. The spread of feminism, acting on changing social conditions since the last generation, has already resulted in the diversion of numbers of women from child-bearing to economic life, and is partly responsible for those restrictions in the size of the family to which attention has already been drawn. The possibility that the fullest feminist ideals may consist with the maintenance of an adequate population is envisaged in a triplet society.

Where triplet births are the rule, the task of bearing and rearing a nation's children in sufficient numbers to keep the population at its optimum level can be borne by a much smaller proportion of the women. Thus the conflict between the public necessity to maintain the numerical strength of a society and the private desire of individual women to occupy a place in its economic life, will be terminated. The high proportion of childless women will no longer offer a menace to the existence of the race and the mothers will make their adequate contribution with the sacrifice of the shortest possible period of life devoted to the bearing and rearing of children.

Incidentally, the principle of the endowment of motherhood will not need to be introduced in England, for every birth will qualify for the Queen's Bounty. Spoiled and solitary children will be rare, for, except where death has deprived him, every child will grow up with at least two companions of his own age. If the rate at which identical twins and triplets are selected is more rapid than that of the non-identical kind, variation mental and physical within the family will be reduced to a minimum, a doubtful blessing. Mistaken identity may become a common source of error, to avoid which special precautions will become customary. Some of the wildest notions of writers of popular detective fiction may become the commonplace events of everyday life. Genius will sometimes be duplicated or triplicated if it depends, as is often claimed by psychologists with a smatch of genetics, on a peculiar combination of rare genes. Of mental deficiency, at the other end of the intelligence scale, it is for several reasons difficult to predict anything; but if our exact knowledge of human inheritance when this period arrives does not lag so far behind our fanciful and unfounded theories on the subject as it does at the present day, all the obviously undesirable inherited traits in man may have come under the control of human agencies to such an extent that inherited mental weakness will have become rarer then than acromegaly and syndactylism are to-day.

LOUIS HERRMAN.

THE PARABLE OF THE SWALLOWS

[*The Viennese, in their treatment of the swallows, are . . . a model to all human beings in their treatment of each other.*—Y. Y.]

LUCKY, O lucky the swallows! when they were dying
No one set up a Committee on what should be done;
Nobody sought for a scapegoat from those who offended them;
Simply they gathered the swallows, and fed them, and tended them;
Sent them by 'plane and express to the South and the sun.
Had they been human, in dazed inarticulate millions,
Should we so soon have translated goodwill into deed?
Would not the nations and parties, disputing at large of it—
What course was wisest and who should be trusted with charge of it—
Still be debating and wrangling, with nothing agreed?

Is it that men are of so much less worth than the swallows?
Is it where *we* are concerned that our wisdom grows dim—
Keen as we may be to comfort and rescue our brother men,
Each of us wants, in his heart, to be saved before other men,
Fears that the others may want to be saved before him?

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

THE YOUNG LIBERALS' VIEW

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—It must not be forgotten at this juncture that there is in existence a somewhat unobtrusive element of Young Liberals in the electorate. We are a trifle dubious about "equality of sacrifice" and frankly suspect that sinister influences *did* assist to wreck the second Labour Government.

The first step is, however, relatively clear. We cannot fail to recognise (*a*) that the effect upon British Credit if the Socialists were returned would be certainly appalling, (b) that there is a lamentable inconsistency in the Socialist leaders now condemning extensive economies to which they were reconciled while still members of the Cabinet.

In view of these considerations it would be insincere for us to oppose the National Party. This time we must support it.

But the future is more difficult. The result of all this confusion would appear to be a return to what is for all practical purposes a two-party system. We shall have the old Tory Party temporarily watered down by the inclusion of progressive persons forced into it by circumstances. We cannot support that. We shall be in the astonishing position of assisting the National Government into office and then at once numbering ourselves among its opponents. For our business is, frankly, to modify the Opposition.

The pleasing pendulum motion of pre-war politics will from now on cease to operate, for, presumably, as soon as the Socialists gain a majority they will proceed to confer upon the public the doubtful privilege of controlling the banks. And from that there could be no immediate going back. But the mere knowledge that the Socialists have this intention will install a right-wing government on the Treasury Bench for many years. In other words, until the Socialist Party returns to its policy of gradualism (which it has now so stupidly abandoned in its ferocious hostility to the bankers) public anxiety will delay entrusting power to it.

If a long interval of practically Conservative government is to be avoided and if the tariff stampede is to be checked, the electorate must feel sure that Socialists have resumed the method of Mr. Snowden to effect the transition which they desire. Why should two successive failures to accomplish this drive one to the "revolutionary tactic"?

If an effective progressive government is to be created it is absolutely necessary to dissociate in the public mind the return of a Socialist Government from the collapse of British credit. The Socialists *must* modify their policy.

Liberals can render effective, if temporarily unpopular, assistance in this matter. A return would be made to order in politics. In any case, in a time of frantic confusion, it would be a profound pity if moderation were held at a discount.—Yours, etc.,

Oriel College, Oxford. A. J. IRVINE.
October 3rd. (President Oxford University Liberal Club.)

LABOUR MEMBERS AND THE GOVERNMENT

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—As a back-bencher of the Parliamentary Labour Party I should like to express my strongest disagreement with one passage in Mr. Bennett's letter. It was not the cuts in unemployment benefit that constituted "the only real difference." It may be that the break came on this, but in addition there was all the difference between negotiating with the teachers, civil servants, police, etc., for cuts and dictating these cuts while ignoring the properly constituted channels of negotiations. We understand that the attitude of Henderson and that of his colleagues in the late Cabinet was that they would negotiate, as any Trade Unionist negotiates on an employer's demand, but that they would defer final decision pending a full picture of the sacrifices at the other end of the social scale. The latter was, of course, never presented. Even then they would never have agreed unless they knew they could carry the rank and file of the party with them. It is as well also to add that if any of our leaders had adopted a different attitude, we would have repudiated their action as we repudiate MacDonald's and Snowden's. As one who was sent to the House by the votes of the industrial workers of West Cumberland, I regard my duty first and foremost to them.

One could argue for long on whether it is worth while to try to achieve "a measure of Socialist transformation within the framework of Capitalist society." But one thing is clear to the Labour rank and file. It is useless to attempt to work the Parliamentary machine without a clear majority with which to challenge the authority of the bankers who, by their blunders and mismanagement of currency and credit, render all our legislative work useless. It may even be, as Mr. Strachey seems to suggest, that even with a clear parliamentary majority we shall be thwarted. But I agree with you that in this country it is madness to try revolutionary tactics till all other methods have failed.—Yours, etc.,

House of Commons, M. PHILIPS PRICE.
September 29th.

SOCIALISATION OF THE BANKS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Cole's interesting article on the State control of banks is very welcome to your readers, because it is extremely difficult for an ordinary man, who is not satisfied with vapid generalities about the benefits of public control, to detect any real advantage that would accrue from it.

To me, and no doubt to many others, it seems that bankers are first and foremost the guardians of other people's money, though this is the very last thing that correspondents and writers on this subject seem to bear in mind. In fact, I have never seen any allusion to this simple truth in any of the voluminous correspondence now going on.

How politicians will help bankers to do their duty in this respect Mr. Cole, unfortunately, does not make clear. Could he not in another article give us a few practical examples of cases where the politician would be likely to be wiser than the banker, and tell us frankly whether he thinks the politician would be, any less than the banker, bound by the inexorable laws that eventually compel nations and individuals alike to live within their means?

To such a question there can only be one answer, and if that is so where does the politician come in?

I write with an open mind, for this is all very puzzling except to the expert.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford and Cambridge Club. C. E. THEODOSIUS.
October 5th.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—By closely reasoned arguments two economists, Foster and Catchings, of the American "Pollak Foundation for Economic Research," in their volume on "Profits" have concluded that no expansion of investment or of credit issued on ordinary banking principles can lead to sustained industrial production at a higher level unless it is accompanied by some form of credit granted direct to consumers. The underlying assumption of Labour finance proposals, as exemplified by Mr. Cole in his article on "Why and How We Must Socialise the Banks" in the current issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, is that, if an adequate supply of credit can be assured to producers, a policy of industrial expansion leading to continuously increasing production and employment will ensue. Since, to the lay mind, theories similar to those elaborated by Foster and Catchings give an attractively feasible explanation of the phenomenon of the trade cycle, of under-consumption and of the necessity for cut-throat competition between nations for export markets, perhaps Mr. Cole will give us his reasons for his assumption and expose for us the fallacies upon which he must think such theories are based.—Yours, etc.,

"Stanmer," Blake's Lane, G. NEWBERY.
New Malden, Surrey.
October 3rd.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Your own analogy of the goat tethered to a rope seems applicable to Mr. Cole's article in this week's THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. When will we face the obvious fact that the world depression is due to lack of purchasing power, in some way

connected with bank credit policy? Something more than mere expansion of credit on orthodox lines, *i.e.*, for purposes of production, is required, and that can only be the issue of consumer credits direct to consumers. This credit must be equal in the aggregate to the ascertained deficiency of purchasing power in relation to prices; it must not, of course, be treated as a loan, and great care must be taken to avoid its dissipation in a rising price level. The clearly obsolescent principle of limiting credit for production or consumption on an arbitrary metallic basis must be abandoned for good and all. It is sad to see Messrs. Cole, Hobson and Keynes, all radical reformers, being compelled to submit to the principle of pocket searching in an effort to maintain the *status quo* of orthodox banking policy whilst wealth rots and demoralised workers of all classes make "sacrifices" to avoid consuming it.—Yours, etc.,

43 Bradgate Road, S.E.6. P. ALEXANDER.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I feel that many of your readers must, like myself, have been mystified by Mr. Cole's article of October 3rd. Either it is so profound as to need further elucidation, or so superficial as to need correction. At all events, I, personally, am anxious for enlightenment on the following points.

(*a*) How is a board of bankers to reconcile subservience to a Government department with its duty to the bank's depositors?

(*b*) How is a bank to continue when its directors have lost the confidence of depositors?

(*c*) What security will the banks have for the additional advances they are to make to businesses when these have been pawned to a corporation which is "somehow" to redeem the pledges held by the banks?

(*d*) If no security is forthcoming, will not the public seek other repositories than the banks for its financial surplus?

(*e*) Does Mr. Cole propose to coerce the public into supplying funds which can be advanced to moribund industries? If so, how?

(*f*) How can the burdens of industry be lightened by increasing its indebtedness to the banks?

(*g*) By what means, exactly, is the Central Bank to keep our foreign exchange position under satisfactory control?—Yours, etc.,

The Gables, Bridport. C. W. EDWARDS.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Cole suggests that we should "limit overseas investment as nearly as possible to the real surplus available for this purpose, without cutting off such overseas loans (to India, for example) as are indispensable if we are to continue to receive the interest on our past lendings."

If I understand Mr. Cole correctly, this implies that he regards interest from overseas investment as a valuable national asset. I wonder if this attitude is correct. Reparation payments are bad because they are imports without corresponding exports to cover them. Is there any difference between the economic impact of interest payments from overseas investment and the impact of payments resulting from reparations and war debts? Does not the problem resolve itself into this: an import of goods on reparation or war debt account is a State receipt, whereas the import of goods from overseas investment is due to the demand of an individual or private institution? But fundamentally it is the same thing: goods are imported without exports to cover them. To the extent that this is true, is it a good thing for the working classes?

Finally, if we are to lend debtor countries money to pay ourselves interest, is it not a process of feeding the dog with its own tail? Foreign investment is a process of sacrificing present standards for an imaginary future income. If we had as many statistical estimates of losses, through default, passing of dividends, etc., as of income yield, we would, I am sure, be appalled at the ghastly loss which the working classes of this country have endured in the form of lower wages; because it is from this source the surplus incomes have arisen which have provided the surplus for foreign investment. One can establish the case by adding the cost of military expenditure and deducting that charge from the annual income from overseas investment.—Yours, etc.,

131 Neath Road, WILLIAM GREGORY.
Briton Ferry, Glam.

[Mr. Cole writes: "In reply to Mr. Newbery, I did not suggest that an expanded supply of bank credit would of itself lead to increased production and employment; nor do I think it would. But I do suggest that an artificially restricted supply of credit must render nugatory all other attempts to stimulate production and employment under existing conditions.

I am afraid I must refrain from following Mr. Newbery and Mr. Alexander into their discussion of 'consumers' credits' and the deficiency of purchasing power, not because this matter is unimportant, but because it clearly cannot be dealt with in a footnote. May I, however, assure them that I am far from believing that the nationalisation of the banks will end our troubles? It is only the necessary foundation for a rational policy of economy that the power to consume shall properly balance the power to produce wealth.

Mr. Edwards appears to assume that a Government in control of the banks will be sure to behave like an idiot, and to cause the banks to lose the confidence of depositors. Why? On his third point, I did not propose that businesses should be pawned to any 'corporation.' On the contrary, they are in pawn now—to the banks—and I proposed that their present obligations should be taken over from the banks by a new body which would convert them from fixed-interest bearing debts into deferred claims to a share in profits. I do not propose to coerce lenders to lend to moribund industries, but to the State, which will use the capital, through a National Investment Board, to reorganise industries that need development. Does Mr. Edwards propose to let the basic industries die? In reply to his last question, I should say—by keeping off the gold standard at least until international arrangements have been made for its more satisfactory, and less restrictive, working in the future. Exchange stability can be purchased, as we have found, at too high a price.

In reply to Mr. Gregory, I regard overseas investments as good in moderation, when they are applied to the development of productive resources in the borrowing country, but as bad in excess, or when they are applied to unproductive use. At present, of course, the fall in prices has placed an excessive burden on the debtor countries; and there is a strong case for scaling down the interest due on past lendings. In the case of sterling loans, this has been to some extent achieved by the depreciation of the pound."—Ed., *N. S. & N.*]

COST OF LIVING IN RUSSIA

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—By giving prices of commodities in Russia in shillings, at the rate of exchange of 9½ roubles to the pound, Mr. Lloyd is apt to convey a wrong impression of the cost of living in that country. While that rate is what travellers going into the Soviet Union receive, the real exchange value is probably about 60 roubles to the pound, so for purposes of comparison with costs in this country all Mr. Lloyd's figures should be scaled down to about one-sixth. A bottle of beer, for instance, which ordinarily costs two roubles can be bought at the Torgsin—the establishment where payment is made in foreign currency—for eightpence, and so with many other commodities.

Mr. Lloyd says nothing about the nutrition of the people. We—a party of doctors who visited both urban and rural Russia this summer—were much impressed with the general healthiness of the people and the absence of signs of underfeeding. Children appeared to be particularly well cared for. The contrast presented by the unemployed population of Hull was painfully evident on our return.—Yours, etc.,

14 Bolingbroke Grove, S.W.11. W. A. BREND.
October 3rd.

[Mr. Lloyd replies: "Comparisons of the cost of living in Russia and in England are tricky, and Dr. Brend is right in rebuking me for simply translating roubles into pounds at nominal parity without further explanation. But he is wrong, I think, in suggesting that the internal value of the rouble can always, or generally, be taken as one-sixth of parity (*i.e.*, that a rouble to a Russian means what fourpence does to us). The relative cost of things in Moscow and in London depends on what the

things are. The State-fixed prices of bread, meat, sugar, etc., in the Co-ops. are pretty low. But the price of "scarcity goods" (*e.g.*, clothes, shoes, and other necessaries and luxuries) is far higher than in England. They may be twice—they may be six times—as high. If you scale down all my figures by one-sixth, you must scale down incomes as well as prices. So that the person whom I quoted as paying £10 for a pair of boots out of a salary of £26 a month, was paying £1 13s. 4d. out of a salary of £4 6s. 8d. a month—the same formidable ratio!

There is not much relevance in citing Torgsin. Torgsin is an admirable sort of miniature Harrods, where foreigners can buy cheap a good many things that ordinary Russians cannot buy, because you must pay there in sterling or dollars or marks or francs.

With Dr. Brend's second paragraph I agree. But he ought not to reproach me for not saying everything in my first article."—ED. N.S. & N.]

A BOLSHEVIK BEAST

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In his delicious article on "Swallows" in your last issue Y. Y. remarks that he is most doubtful of the success of the Five Year Plan because the Bolsheviks have not chosen an animal as their symbol. I now see it announced that the Bolsheviks (who are no doubt readers of your bourgeois paper) have invented a new beast, part sheep, part goat, and part cow. You shall yet see a statue erected to Y. Y. in Moscow.—Yours, etc.,

October 6th. X. X.

CECIL SHARP

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—At the request of his executrix I am writing the Life of Cecil Sharp, and I should be grateful if those who knew him would send me any letters that they may have from him, or memories of what he did or said. I will, of course, take great care of letters that any one may be good enough to send and will return them in the course of a few days.—Yours, etc.

4 Maresfield Gardens, N.W.3. A. H. FOX STRANGWAYS.

THE UNIVERSITY SUPPLEMENT

Our University Supplement, announced on May 16th last, will appear next month. May we remind readers that we are offering four prizes of 10 guineas each for contributions written by men or women members of British Universities, who are not more than twenty-six years of age on October 1st, 1931, and who are not members of the teaching staff? The prizes will be for:

(*a*) An article of not more than 1,700 words suitable for a "leader" in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

(*b*) A short story, sketch, or essay, of not more than 2,000 words.

(*c*) A piece of literary or artistic criticism of not more than 1,700 words.

(*d*) A poem of not more than sixty lines in length.

The latest date for receiving entries is Monday, November 2nd. Contributors may use a pseudonym. If they do they should send their names and addresses in an envelope on which the pseudonym is written.

The present political, economic, national and international crisis offers a great opportunity to those who enter for the prize for the best leading article.

The prize-winning articles will be issued in a special supplement. Contributions which seem worthy of publication, but which are crowded out of the Supplement, will be published in subsequent numbers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and paid for at our usual rates.

Miscellany

TURNER AND PISSARO

THE Tate Gallery has lately held two most interesting exhibitions which, unfortunately, I was unable to visit till just at the close. But perhaps my belated remarks on them may have a sufficiently wide bearing not to have lost all their appropriateness. Moreover, Turner is so familiar a figure and so puzzling a personality that one may be forgiven for making a fresh attempt to find some clue to the mysterious mechanism of his genius. Genius, indeed, is the outstanding feature of his artistic character. One must postulate it of him from the first, and this exhibition of his early work has only left one more amazed than ever at the richness of his native gift. From the very beginning of his career he seems to have had not only an astonishingly precise power of observation and a tenacious memory of even the subtlest relations of tone and colour, but he had intuitively grasped the possibilities of his medium. He knew what oil paint was capable of expressing, and how to translate any kind of natural appearance into an appropriate pictorial statement. As a great poet has always at his service the full range of possibilities of the language, Turner had at hand an immense technical repertory. Thus in the early portrait of himself—and in portraiture he was something of an amateur—he achieves without effort that delicious full-flowing impasto that poor Reynolds aimed at by unceasing and generally fruitless experiment. Then again, one is astounded at the ease with which he can express the most elusive instantaneous or puzzling effects of appearance. One can find innumerable instances of this. I take one from the *Dido and Æneas*, where a river flowing away from the spectator disappears from view as it breaks into rapids. Everyone knows how difficult it is to express pictorially the ever-changing effect of breaking water, and here the notion has to be conveyed in the minutest space since the rapids are on a plane that is disappearing from the eye. Turner succeeds perfectly with a few minute, hardly visible touches. Again, in his distances and middle distances, he shows an astonishing power of modulating within an extremely restricted scale so that he attains great richness and variety of relief without, as it were, breaking the atmospheric envelope.

Turner also possessed a fine, natural, rhythmic feeling which enabled him to unite his compositions by the easy flow of his silhouettes. This quality is most evident in his sketches where the first free indications of forms reveal all the charm of his vigorous and rhythmical handwriting.

But it would be a long business to catalogue all the natural aptitudes which he had already fully developed by his early training. With such gifts one feels Turner should have been one of the great masters, and yet one can hardly think of him in that company. What betrayed him lay outside his specific artistic gifts. It was the inadequacy of his moral nature to support and control them. He is, alas, by no means the only instance of this unfortunate disposition in the history of British art. It is perhaps due to the narrowly ethical view of life which has so often prevailed in England that the artist, whose function lies outside its province, finds himself without any guiding principles. There is no generally received standard of artistic morality. In any case, Turner seems never to have risen above a competitive and commercial view of his art. It was a profession, like any other, at which one had to beat one's rivals and attract one's public. The evidence for this seems to me to stare at one from the majority of Turner's canvases, one deduces it from the amount of deliberate and *ad captandum* picture-making which often almost conceals from us the genuine visual experience which it exploits and deforms. But one gathers the same impression from his life—for instance, from his well-known habit of freely

repainting his pictures on varnishing day at the Royal Academy when he would with diabolical skill and pictorial ingenuity put all the neighbouring exhibits into the shade by the blazing emphasis of his effects. Or again, we may remember his vain boast of putting Claude in his place as he hoped to do by leaving in his will that his "Dido Building, Carthage" should always hang beside the latter's "Queen of Sheba." Had he had a little more insight into the nature of art he might have reflected that a pastiche, however brilliant, is certain to be inferior to an original creation, however laboriously executed.

But there was another factor in Turner's nature which contributed to the same result, namely, his inherent and quite genuine liking for melodramatic effects. His earliest pictures of moonlight scenes show how much more nature appealed to him by what was scenically arresting than by those aspects which reveal the possibilities of significant plastic harmonies. It must be noted, however, that this early bias was held in check for a time by his equally genuine, though later acquired, love of classic landscape. Later on in life, however, the urge towards melodrama becomes a dominant motive. Even the relatively early work shown at the Tate is interspersed here and there with melodramatic improvisations like the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrha.

But it is quite as much in the large classical compositions such as the *Dido and Æneas*, the *Appulia and Appulus*, or the *Vintage at Macon* that one feels the effect of Turner's artistic insincerity. In these one distinguishes those parts which are the record of a genuine visual experience, realised with penetrating observation and expressed with subtlety and sobriety, and those other parts which are due to Turner's desire to make an effective scenic appeal. Thus in the *Vintage* the distance, the curve of the river reflecting the luminous sky, are beautifully rendered with delicate and intimately seen modulations. But the trees tend to become purely scenic arabesques, and the upper part of the sky is brushed in with a vulgar scene-painter's blue.

To see Turner at his best one must look at the sketches. Of these, there was a beautiful series of views of Windsor and Newark Abbey. Here all is pure, exquisitely felt and expressed with the direct simplicity of a mood free of all self-consciousness. But in a large composition this mood was changed. Turner was always conscious, one feels, of himself and the public he was addressing, whom he longed to seduce and astonish, and of the rivals whom he was determined to outshine. The result of this was that for all the vividness of his visual experiences, Turner never could explore their profounder significance. He was in too great a hurry to exploit them for what they promised of effective appeal. Now and then, no doubt, as in the *Walton Bridges*, he seems to have been sufficiently stirred by a particular effect of light and colour to pursue it further and realise it with a more unconscious intensity, or again in the unexpected and intriguing *Calder Bridge* his apprehension of a rare and elusive colour harmony keeps him for longer in an attitude of disinterested contemplation.

By what was doubtless a fortuitous coincidence the exhibition of Turner's early works at the Tate Gallery was contemporaneous with a small collection of Camille Pissaro's paintings. The contrast between these two artists is curiously instructive. For Pissaro had not a tithe of Turner's endowment. He had little or no invention, he had no great facility, no strikingly personal rhythmic feeling, no marked elegance of "handwriting," no repertory of technical resources. But he had his own personal visual experience like Cézanne, he had his *petite sensation*, and he had the good sense to know that fidelity to that was the only thing which mattered. He was content to explore patiently all that it implied. If one looks at a picture like that of the servant sweeping out a small dining room one sees that his contemplative gaze nowhere relaxed its attention. All the infinite changes of tone and colour in the cup and saucer, in the table top, in the floor and walls as well as in the figure, are explored with untiring and always delighted apprehension. And for all this minuteness in his observation Pissaro never loses sight of the whole atmosphere of the room; everything contributes to that, so that these common things attain to a peculiarly intimate expressiveness. We are put into one of those rare moments of revelation when the immediate present becomes charged with a strange sense of reality and significance. In such pictures Pissaro's plain prose attains to imaginative heights altogether beyond the range of Turner's scenic display. The almost drab sobriety and commonplaceness of the first impact of such works disappears altogether as we look. We find ourselves insensibly enticed along unexpected vistas. Ever new possibilities of apprehension open before us. We have, at least, the illusion of an inexhaustible wealth of significant relations.

Turner, no doubt, has a similar richness of content in those parts of his pictures which were most sincerely felt, but almost in proportion as the first shock of wonder at the marvellous effectiveness of the whole composition wears off we become increasingly conscious of the gaps in vision which his brilliant pictorial devices vainly endeavour to conceal. In the end, the professional picture-maker's devices tend to make us suspicious even of his genuine experiences. His obvious desire to impress us makes us even too unwilling to give him confidence.

The effect of Pissaro's intense sincerity on his colour becomes evident when we compare him with Turner. For every one of Pissaro's pictures reveals a totally distinct and definite colour scheme. All, of course, are alike in the sense that all bear the impress of his personality, but none the less each is definitely a new creation, the outcome of a unique experience. There is no confusing his English and French landscapes with one another. Each has the special quality of its atmosphere. There is, for instance, a little scene at a fête held in Bedford Park which could only have been painted on a July day in the suburbs of London, so exactly does it recall the unique quality of that particular situation. I doubt if any English artist has ever felt our atmosphere so intensely or expressed it so vividly. This, of course, in itself has no æsthetic value, but it has led Pissaro to discover a peculiarly delicate and somewhat strange colour harmony, far more delicate and more intriguing than any scheme that even the greatest colourist could invent "out of his head."

ROGER FRY.

JANE EYRE

THE curtain rises upon the gloomy hall of a baronial mansion; an ancient retainer slowly lights the candles. Presently a white-haired housekeeper in black satin prepares tea beside the fire. The wind is howling dismally, and in the lulls moans and peals of disconcerting laughter are audible. When this occurs a look of distress appears upon the face of the amiable old lady in black satin. Enter an extraordinarily tall, grim maid who receives with sullen defiance orders to keep "her" quiet and, with complete indifference, threats of dismissal if she again indulges in the bottle. Presently an arch little girl of ten dances in. Her golden hair hangs in a tattery cloud upon her shoulders; she skips about in a little skirt that sticks out like a lamp-shade and in long frilly drawers. She has a coquettish French accent and obtrusively winning ways. Her future governess is expected; she has been delayed by stopping to succour a gentleman who was thrown from his horse not far from the house. Miss Eyre, when she does appear, turns out to be a neat quakerish little person, bearing—yes—a distinct resemblance to Richmond's pastel of Charlotte Brontë which, you remember, was very flattering. Jane betrays more discretion than poverty in her costume. Her eager questions about the master of the

house and her future charge are sometimes interrupted by those disquieting noises. The hostile demeanour of the grim maid (Grace Poole, by the by, as acted by Miss Lucy Edwin, was a good deal more alarming than the lunatic she guards) intimidates Jane. Then, with dark, disordered hair, in limps Mr. Rochester in top boots; he flings himself down in a chair and asks Jane if she thinks he is handsome. He proceeds to give her a brief account of his liaison with the mother of Adèle. As you guess this is an old-fashioned melodrama.

During the rest of the play his maniac wife is the pivot of the drama: Mrs. Rochester howling and prowling about the house; Mrs. Rochester trying to set fire to Mr. Rochester's bed; Mrs. Rochester being cowed by Grace Poole's whip; Mrs. Rochester stabbing Mr. Mason; Mrs. Rochester trampling on Jane's wedding veil; Mrs. Rochester biting Mr. Rochester—that is really the only part of the novel that gets over the footlights, with the exception of the last scene in which Jane, clairvoyantly obeying her lover's voice, has rushed to his side. And, of course, that is all of the novel that can get over the footlights. The only dramatisable part of the novel is its melodrama framework.

Jane Eyre was first published in October, 1847, and in the course of a few weeks enjoyed a success of which Thackeray said to the author afterwards, a little bitterly, "it took *me* the work of ten years to achieve." *Jane Eyre* was a vivid and exciting story, essentially melodramatic, of an orphan girl brought up at a harsh Charity School, and going out into the world as a governess and falling in love with her employer, who had a good deal in common with the modern sheik-lover. . . . "'Jane, will you hear reason'" (he stooped and approached his lips to my ear), 'because, if you won't, I'll try violence.' His voice was hoarse; his look that of a man who is just about to burst an insufferable bond and plunge headlong into licence. I saw that in another moment and with one impetus to frenzy more I should be able to do nothing with him. . . . The crisis was perilous; but not without its charm; such as the Indian, perhaps, feels when he slips over the rapids in his canoe."

The wedding day is fixed, and when the pair are in front of the altar the ceremony is interrupted by two men who reveal the fact that Mr. Rochester has a wife, a frenzied lunatic who has been hidden in the house. Rochester endeavours to persuade the unhappy Jane to fly with him to love and happiness in foreign parts. He shows her his lunatic wife who bites his face. Jane forgives him. Indeed, from the first she has not felt resentment at his deception, but duty and religion now compel her to leave him. She flies from the house at night and after days of wandering and starvation takes refuge with a family who turn out to be unknown cousins. She meets an Evangelical clergyman who is possessed by a fanatical passion for missionary life and sees in her a fitting helpmeet. In her misery she nearly consents, when she hears a mysterious midnight voice, apparently that of Rochester, calling her. She hurries back to her master, to find he has been blinded and maimed in the fire which destroyed the Hall. It had been set on fire by his lunatic wife, who perishes in the flames in spite of his efforts to save her. The insuperable obstacle between them is removed and the end, as in all true melodramas, is a happy one.

The *story* of *Jane Eyre* was, then, indistinguishable from the popular rubbish of the period; it was day-dream stuff. But the book was filled with the passionate intensity of the author's own nature. It shocked, disconcerted, and enraptured because it depicted passion in a woman; and in strict homes it was withheld from the young. At first sight this seems incomprehensible, for in the conflict between duty and passion, duty is the victor. But *Jane Eyre* shocked because through part of the book, at any rate, its readers were swept towards the conclusion that strong passion is the one really good thing in the world. Duty triumphed. But suppose Mrs. Rochester had not conveniently perished in the flames? Where would the author's sympathies have stood then? Stoical obedience to duty alone is represented as repulsive in the person of St. John Rivers. There was an unresolved discord in Charlotte Brontë's work: duty is supreme, but sometimes to obey is destructive of all that is best in life. But it was the poignancy with which she felt this contradiction that made her a great novelist. That poignancy evaporates in this stage version. I expect it would vanish in any dramatised version of *Jane Eyre*. Only the melodrama and what Professor Elton called "the puellity" of the author's conception of masculine strength are left. I must add Miss Ann Wilton and Mr. Basil Gill fill the parts of Jane and Rochester well at the Kingsway Theatre.

DESMOND MACCARTHY.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Gloriana

APART from the splendour and fine intelligence of the Ricketts settings, and a few moments when the theme carries all before it, there is little cause for excitement at the Cambridge Theatre. *Elizabeth of England* is a pageant play which falls short of its intention because of a failure of balance between the theme of Essex and the theme of the Armada, the woman and the Queen. The Armada theme, handled quasi-symbolically, is the more successful. The pictorial devices annihilating time and place—Elizabeth at St. Paul's, Philip at the Escorial receiving the news of the Armada's fate, for example—are admirably executed and not ineffective. Yet even in the double scenes the contrast is not satisfying enough. Scenically it is perfect—colour, vitality and matter-of-fact solidity for England, laid against a brilliant El Greco suggestion of cold, tortuous, intensity in the surroundings of the fanatic king. But in the presentation of Philip there is a fatal inadequacy. We feel his ambition, his glowing singleness of purpose (with perhaps a touch of Freudian embellishment), but never his menacing power.

The production is heavy-handed. The curse of the Shakespeare manner lies on much of the gesture and diction, and the action crawls painfully at times. Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry's Elizabeth is a curiously uneven patchwork, with scene after scene played for what it is worth in itself rather than in relation to the complete character. For the early Essex scenes she permits herself a mannered grotesquerie which fails to bring out Elizabeth's strange inward dignity behind all the extravagance, and presents her attachment to Essex as mere titillative lechery—a not very useful simplification. Later, she achieves the dignity, as a Queen faced with a great decision, and in her last scene, impressively static, she is genuinely moving. Mr. Matheson Lang does what he can with Philip but cannot quite avoid dullness. Mr Frank Vosper as Francis Bacon is altogether too superb; though he may intend to give the impression that Essex's generosity towards him is the fruit of some implicit blackmail.

Voices in the Night

In spite of the faults inherent in the play itself, its monotony, its multiplication of metaphors which totter at times on the edge of the ridiculous when every sentence seems to begin with "she is like"—metaphors which have lost much of their beauty and impressiveness to the modern imagination, sated with cheap excess by the cinema—in spite of serious faults of production and acting, Oscar Wilde's *Salome* at the Savoy kept its quality of a long-drawn-out and evil dream. One left the theatre feeling that one had been drugged by this play which has the horror of tragedy without its pity. The actors' gravest fault was a lack of depth and flexibility in speech. The play demands from its chief characters, more than any other quality, beauty of vocal tone. Jokanaan's voice had not the sonority and dignity of plain chant which it requires

Salome's had a brittle, clear-cut, modern quality, and Herodias' voice expressed the hardness but not the voluptuousness of her character. Miss Nancy Price was, indeed, altogether mis-cast as Herod's brother's wife. Miss Joan Maude was beautiful and graceful in the all-but-impossible part of Salome, but at times a little too conscious of the great effort she was making. In the end her madness was convincing and the break in her voice moved us to see the frightened child under the lust and cruelty of the despotic Oriental princess. Mr. Robert Farquharson's Herod left nothing to be desired: his rendering of the Tetrarch's weakness, superstition, and vicious illness bordering on madness was superb. The production was badly damaged by over-brilliant lighting; a half-dimness as of torchlight and moonlight would have helped its effects enormously.

The production of *A Night at an Inn* was so bad that it almost ruined Lord Dunsany's eerie sketch, in spite of admirable acting. To make the sailor's deception convincing, the window through which the priests look should be high and narrow and the door through which the sailors walk and then crawl back must open outwards, not inwards. To make its terrible conclusion credible the lights should be dim, the figure of the green-jade god more than life-size and his voice should have an unearthly note.

Mother and Son

The exhibition of paintings by Mrs. Arthur Clutton-Brock and Mr. Alan Clutton-Brock at the Mansard Annexe is an interesting display of temperamental affinities and contrasts. These two artists closely resemble one another in their sensibility to colour and tone, but their temperaments in other respects are fundamentally opposed. Mrs. Clutton-Brock, closely as she has been associated with art criticism and æsthetics, has nevertheless remained essentially spontaneous in her approach to painting, and her taste has remained instinctive. Her art is a lyrical art, possessing the charm and the delicacy usually associated with such an outlook. Mr. Clutton-Brock's art is, on the contrary, first of all an expression of scholarship, conscious taste, and a deliberate, æsthetic aim. Whereas Mrs. Clutton-Brock submits herself, as it were, to her subject, and seeks out and interprets its harmonies, he imposes a preconceived pattern upon nature. His art therefore lacks both the spontaneity and the sensibility of his mother's; but he displays instead greater knowledge and ambition, and a surer vision of his ultimate goal. His *Torso* best gives the measure of his art. In this picture his acute sense of values and of composition have had full and felicitous expression. Much less successful is his other large work, *Pastoral Symphony*. In this, a pastiche which faintly re-echoes Giorgione, the understanding has played too large, and the creative impulse too small, a part. And despite a certain charm of colour, it is arid and lacking in life.

Biblical Drama

There is no dramatic entertainment in London more worth seeing than the Caldecott children's performance of *King Saul*. It will be repeated on the afternoon of the 14th, and the evenings of the 15th and 16th at the Rudolph Steiner Hall, and should be seen by all who care for theatrical beauty. The play is acted by children whose ages vary from nine to thirteen years; there are far more girls than boys, and I should like to see Vernon, who plays the Amalekite, play David, whom Joan made rather too thoughtful, though she acted with great spirit especially in the cave-scene where she spares Saul's life. The play keeps strictly, so far as I noticed, to the biblical text—the narrative portion was recited before each of the nine scenes by Rosemary and Mary Rose, who were astonishingly good in articulation and synchronisation. Enid, as King Saul, and Barbara, as Samuel, gave excellent interpretations; but perhaps the loveliest thing in the whole performance was Ruth's impersonation of Jonathan. In the declaration of his love for David, in the way he sat and watched him as he played before Saul, this Jonathan had a strange, unearthly rapture. Ruth's cool, clear voice, with no trace of affectation, seemed to proclaim not only the childhood of the speaker, but the childhood of the world, to which this story belongs. There is something strangely appropriate in the presentation by children of this great tale which shows almost everyone behaving with the directness, the simplicity and the ruthlessness of the child.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Saturday, October 10th—
Myra Hess, Queen's Hall, 3.
Sheridan Russell, Violoncello Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.
Harold Bauer, Pianoforte Recital, Grotrian Hall, 3.15.
Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis on "Architecture? What's the Use?" R.I.B.A., 9, Conduit Street, 3.

Sunday, October 11th—
J. M. Robertson on "Religion and Democracy," Conway Hall, 11.
New Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Dr. Adrian Boult, Palladium, 3.15.

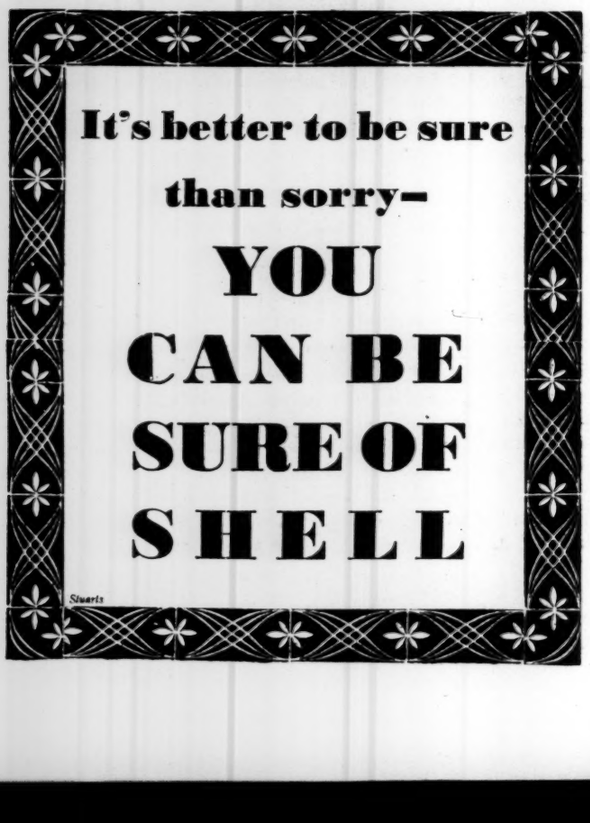
Monday, October 12th—
"There's Always Juliet," by John van Druten, Apollo Theatre.
London Symphony Orchestra, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Tuesday, October 13th—
Marcus Hall, Song Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.
"Les Fourberies de Scapin," Old Vic.
The Marquess of Zetland on "Lord Curzon," Morley College, 8.
Dr. Percy Dearmer on "Gothic Art," King's College, 5.30.
Sir James Jeans on "The Mathematical Aspect of the Universe," University College, 8.15.

Wednesday, October 14th—
B.B.C. Symphony Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
"Henry the Ninth," Princes Theatre.
E. V. Appleton on "James Clerk Maxwell," King's College, 5.30.

Thursday, October 15th—
Tilly Koenen, Song Recital, Wigmore Hall, 9.
John Masefield on "Poetry" Queen's Hall, 8.
"Sensation," by Charles Bennett, Lyceum Theatre.
G. P. Gooch on "The Victorian Age," King's College, 5.15.

Friday, October 16th—
Elisabeth Schumann, Song Recital, Queen's Hall, 8.30.
Dora Stevens, Song Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.



Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

I HAVE been reading in Mr. Arthur Symons' new book about places, *Wanderings* (Dent, 8s. 6d.), and trying to distinguish in his style that which gives it its peculiar flavour, a flavour that, as a rule, either attracts or repels very strongly. It has always attracted me. He is the only poet of that sadly overwritten movement, the Decadence, in whose work I can find a beauty that is more than a beauty of mere decoration. There is power in his verse, and if there is pose too, it is a pose far more distinguished and more intelligent than the pose of such poets as Davidson, or Henley. His is a poetry of sensations, which can never be the highest kind of poetry; but the sensations have often a fierce personal emotion behind them, and so the verse escapes from the frigidity, the posturing, erotic fancy of much decadent poetry. Here we find the distinctive quality of Mr. Symons' work, whether in prose or verse. He has the gift of excitement, and he can express his excitement with a strict, even a terrible, justice. This is plain in books where one could hardly expect excitement to enter. That magnificent piece of constructive criticism, *The Romantic Movement in English Poetry*, is as remarkable for its exciting qualities as for its cool, unbiased judgment. In his brief notes on minor authors—for instance Robert Pollok—Mr. Symons shows, as plainly as in the essays on the great men of the period, that the presence of beauty anywhere never fails to arouse in him an immediate, often a miraculously sensitive, response.

* * *

Excitement is out of fashion now; and justice is never fashionable, and so Mr. Symons, who so curiously combines these two qualities is not, I fancy, much read by the young, certainly not by those who agree with Mr. Lytton Strachey's odd verdict, that detachment is "the characteristic virtue of humanity." There is nothing detached in Mr. Symons' work, nor, indeed, can there be in any work that claims artistic value, for there must always be the contact, amicable or bitter, between the artist and his material, which will involve, however he may deplore it, attachments many and various. For instance, not a little of Mr. Symons' best and most characteristic work in prose has been about places. No one who has not tried it can quite understand the difference it makes if one wishes to interpret a place—whether by paint or in words. The places about which one writes become more real, take on quite unexpected colours and shapes, become no doubt false to the mere visitor's idea of them, but strangely true to the image, loved and considered, in the eyes and the heart of the man who would interpret them. To-day we have many descriptive writers, most of them faithful followers of Mr. E. V. Lucas, who is, in his way, personal and inimitable. His followers, unfortunately, are apt to nudge, to be ever so cosy; they are too familiar and too anxious to produce not their impression of a place, but what they believe will be the average traveller's impression of it. This is needless. If I want reasonable accuracy of description, I go to Baedeker and to photographs; what I ask from an artist is his view of the place, which, after all, would not exist were he not there to see it and love it.

> . . . . All things that men praise,
> Beauty took from them that loved them
> In other days.

* * *

This is Mr. Symons' supreme gift. In *Wanderings* we have a collection of essays written between 1890 and 1931; and if the earlier work is on the whole the better—the essays written, that is, between 1890 and 1905—there is not an article here which has not some felicity of interpretation, some subtlety of appreciation. Again and again Mr. Symons says about a place what no one but he would say, but which is evidently true to anyone who knows the place of which he writes. How admirable is this about Le Puy en Velay:

> Nature in blocking out Le Puy, and man in finishing the rough sketch, have made a caprice which is unique among natural or sinister caprices. For it is done on a vast scale, and yet done as if in miniature; and it is by the contrast of these two opposing principles that it becomes the disconcerting thing it is.

He has a rare gift for literary or biographical illustration. This is very well exemplified in the short and searching essay on Clermont-Ferrand, which begins: "In Clermont-Ferrand the mountainous soul of Pascal seems to become less obscure." Then he describes the physical characteristics of this strange city of Auvergne, and in the end returns to the theme, amplifying it in his manner.

> There is a certain menace under the beauty of Auvergne. One is as if caught in a trap of hills and the hills are toothed into hollows of bare rock; woods grow up out of chasms; the soil is hard and fertile. Looking from the tower of the cathedral, one sees a wide flat country, and the lines of hills which, at sunset, turn to solid vapour against a flame of orange which seems to be softly burning up the world. Is it a flame coming down out of the sky, or rising out of the once fiery hills? Pascal, in his work, for all its clear austerity, its hard intellectual mathematics, to which he bends an imagination which is sight itself, is for ever conscious of the subterranean fires at work in some gulf under the earth, which they mould to their purpose. That terror of the gulf which possessed him, opening a horrible chasm by the side of his chair as he sat, is more intelligible here than elsewhere. In Clermont-Ferrand, what is subterranean in the soul of Pascal seems to become less obscure.

* * *

Although Mr. Symons sees and interprets places through his own temperament, and under the sunshine or shadow of his own character, he does not force on places a destiny which is not theirs. Mr. Belloc is liable to this fault, and so are other notable essayists to whom human character and mortal opinions are always more than the less fleeting vicissitudes of nature or of men's work on nature. Yet Mr. Symons does not forget persons; he does not forget that many places owe much of their fascination to the work and lives of those who have inhabited them. Of all modern English authors he is the most genuinely Parisian. George Moore's Paris is that of a man who has always had to excuse to himself his own Parisianism—Ford Madox Ford looks from the Left Bank to the New World rather than the old, and belongs not to Paris but to Par-America. Mr. Symons has scarcely ever been faithless to Paris, though he wanders from Cornwall to Carcassonne, from Kent to Provence. And to him Paris means not only that friendly rivalry of the restaurants and the cafés, to which so many English authors pay tribute; it also means his friendships with the men who were great in Paris, the poets and the painters. Through some of these pages move familiar yet ever-strange figures—Toulouse-Lautrec, Baudelaire, Verlaine. He is faithful to the old loves. You will not find in this book any sneers at the Pre-Raphaelites, any veiled suggestions that painting was no good before Cézanne. Mr. Symons is a little too apt, perhaps, when he writes of persons to make that mistake which other men make about places. He sees them all a little too coloured by his own temperament. We can believe that he saw strange things in the eyes of Eleonora Duse, and flames of passion in the eyes of Vladimir de Pachmann; we can believe that the eyes of Baudelaire were haunted, as, indeed, were the eyes of Edgar Allan Poe—but our belief becomes a little less firm when we are asked to find "a devouring flame" in the eyes of Augustus John, and we get even more uneasy at the invocation of "the Rabelaisian, visionary eyes of Balzac." Still how vastly preferable is this spirit of Mr. Symons which finds strange beauty and the thrill of excitement in all the makers of art to the drab, resigned mournfulness of those to whom nothing under the sun is moving, or admirable, or just.

RICHARD SUNNE.

NEW NOVELS

Sado. By WILLIAM PLOMER. Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.
Sarah Gay. By MARY BORDEN. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.
The Vicar's Wife. By CICELY BOAS. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.
Portrait of a Family. By RICHMAL CROMPTON. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.
Other People. By JOHN BEADLE. Davies. 7s. 6d.
Cassandra. By REGINALD BERKELEY. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.
High Summer. By RICHARD CHURCH. Dent. 7s. 6d.
East Wind: West Wind. By PEARL S. BUCK. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

To the rule that those who have experience are generally the least capable of utilising it, Mr. Plomer's new novel, *Sado*, is an agreeable and very definite exception. Here again, as in his volume of short stories, he shows himself an extremely intelligent observer. He criticises—without spleen or sentimentalism; he is alive to the beauties of a strange landscape, but never tumbles into the quagmires of the picturesque . . . *Sado* is a better book than *Paper Houses*, since it contains observation and something else besides. In the first place, it is far better written; secondly, the observation which has inspired it is more sympathetic and less external than in the past.

Few fields are so prolific of absurdities as the social scene in twentieth-century Japan. It is easy work—perhaps too easy—picking them out; and Mr. Plomer, when he wrote *Paper Houses*, seemed content to scribble incisive caricatures and to pin down unrelated forms of humbug. How penetrating his observations often were one reader, at all events, of that earlier book did not realise till he had set foot on Japanese soil. Painful acquaintanceship with the people and things described was necessary to bring the satire home; whereas *Sado*, which is kindlier if not more tolerant, should on its own merits interest a large public. The phenomena with which it deals are world-wide, though aggravated by local conditions and racial traits. *Sado* describes the effects of a revolution—a revolution not peculiar to the Extreme Orient.

The story itself, which is very slight, centres almost exclusively round three figures—Sado, a Japanese student living in Tokyo, a young English painter on his travels, an Englishwoman married to a Japanese. Each personage according to his capacity suffers from a sense of rootlessness and change. Inheritors of a society in dissolution, each is sensitive enough to feel his danger and has developed, to assist him, "a sort of courage":

> A sort of courage! There are probably moments in history when it is possible to inherit some sort of living convention: both Iris and Lucas himself belonged to a class and a generation which has inherited little but chaos and decay. Each had suffered to some extent from want of money, the wrong lovers, and a starved instinct for power, the very things whose possession their predecessors had taken for granted. But in a time of transition, at the end of one age and the beginning of another, there are many people who have to expiate the past. And in England, quite as much as in Russia, there has been a revolution, only ours has been implicit instead of explicit. The English revolution of our time has had its guillotines and its victims, many of whom still go about with their heads on their shoulders. . . . They behave almost as if they hadn't fallen into the chaos of a broken continuity. . . .

The ideas which occur in that paragraph echo and re-echo throughout the book. Has time really stopped for the chief characters? Are they mere walking and talking phantoms? To which the novelist's response would appear to be that Lucas, the young painter, has come through intact; that Iris, who, in order to escape from England, chose to marry the Europeanised Komatsu, has damaged herself irreparably during the process; while poor Sado was doomed from the beginning, partly by temperament and partly by force of circumstance.

His is a memorable portrait and evokes, as nothing else that I have read, all that is pathetic in Japanese student-life—the background of an obscure provincial family, the threat of consumption which takes so terrible a toll among over-strained and under-nourished bodies, lastly the traditional pessimism of the race, made darker by a debauch of "Western knowledge." With these antecedents and this upbringing, Sado is fitted for neither world. Lucas seems to have brought him a fresh stimulus; but the Western saviour—as Western saviours always do—ends by abandoning him to his own fate, and we leave Sado, in his parents' gloomy farmhouse, smoking cigarettes and staring at the roof, while dim, half-poetic thoughts of suicide rush through his overcrowded head—the typical victim of a culture which is transforming itself, and which may or may not emerge triumphant.

The impression made on its reader by this novel is perhaps tenuous, but, within its limits, it is distinct. To have read it is a definite acquisition; which, all things considered, cannot be said of the majority of other novels on the list. In point of sheer competence and sober workmanship, probably Miss Borden's must take the palm. *Sarah Gay* is a love story with a happy ending; Sarah succeeds in capturing her Johnnie, though in the meantime her husband has to die and she herself to fire a revolver at Johnnie's mistress, causing a scandal and shattering a glass lamp. . . . Lest that summary should carry a suggestion of crude melodrama, I hasten to add that it is incomplete. The alarums and excursions in which it closes do not impair the credibility of the entire book. It is a long and carefully managed narrative, with a setting of high politics and big hotels to which the personages seem as native as does their author. Both exist in that element as if by right—genuine people whom one would recognise any day—but without the tragic acerbity of the whole truth.

Three small-beer chronicles of some merit bring one back to the reality beyond the window, drab streets and an autumn afternoon. *The Vicar's Wife* is not exhilarating as fiction, though written in a strain of grim sincerity which only breaks down when the story leaves the vicarage and more exotic characters are introduced. Lady Cynthia, who plays temptress to the clergyman, was emphatically "an error of taste and judgment." A description of her dress, to be found upon page 49, might alone make this novel worth examining; while the "intriguing jewelled garter" below her knee lends a pleasant touch of mediævalism to the effect. Gay freaks and fashionable oddities would be out of place in the *Portrait of a Family*. Here a retired doctor, who is haunted by the words that his wife had whispered to him on her death-bed—were they a confession of infidelity?—takes the centre chair in a suburban family group. It is an honest work, thorough, but unexciting; and the reader who needs imaginative stimulus must turn to the last novel of the three, Mr. John Beadle's *Other People*.

Not that the subject-matter of this novel, which is in the tradition of *Germinie Laçerteux* and *Esther Waters*, will provoke him of itself to much surprise, its effect being deliberately cumulative and its method the piling up, without comment, of dull facts and everyday disasters in the career of a domestic servant who lived at Brighton. Emily's idea of real happiness was to devote herself to other people's service. She was the "servant" by temperament as well as chance, and, year in, year out, stood and waited, while other people existed forgetfully all around her. Other people, then, pass in a long procession, Mrs. Brownjohn and her drunken military husband, "the ladies," Mrs. and Miss Freeman, crazy old Miss Eames and many others. The result is a series of dark vignettes, executed with the niggling savagery of a Cruikshank in the costumes of the Edwardian era—dwarfish figures in bell-skirts and feather boas hideously mopping and mowing at an acquaintance, arranging their false-fronts before the glass, while downstairs cook gossips to Jane and Emily and a smell of cabbage drifts up into the street.

Mr. Beadle should have taken for his epigraph those lines from an early poem by T. S. Eliot, in which the poet, during some cheerless perambulation, on a sudden becomes uncomfortably

> —aware of the damp souls of housemaids,
> Sprouting despondently at area-gates.

Other People makes reality fantastic, but *Cassandra*, a dream of the future world, makes wild fantasy somewhat tame. Readers who enjoy such expeditions may consider the fare charged not excessive, since they are whisked off to seven thousand *post diluvium* and there is much to be appreciated along the line, Mr. Berkeley with a megaphone acting as showman, cracking shrewd jokes at the expense of their original starting-point.

That starting-point, in all its clamour and confusion, is the subject of Mr. Richard Church's new novel. It is very definitely a story of the present day, and describes the emancipation of a young woman who is trying her hardest to hack out a career but finds the vegetation of the human jungle rather tough. A notable advance upon his last novel, *High Summer* is written with a sensitiveness in the choice of words which reminds us of the author's training as a poet. It is a step forward; while Mrs. Buck's new Chinese story is a disappointment after its predecessor, *The Good Earth*. Mrs. Buck knows her corner of the Far East as well as Mr. Plomer knows his. Indeed, I imagine her

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knowledge of it is more extensive, and that it is not her knowledge but her judgment which is at fault, allowing her to obscure the outline of the narrative—hers, too, is the theme of racial conflict—in dense clouds of sentimental jargon:

> I pass my days in waiting. I seem to dream, and the dream is always of blue water and upon it a white ship. It is speeding like a great bird for the shore. . . .

Mrs. Buck presumably knows what she is writing about, but Chinese music seldom sounded so like Puccini.

PETER QUENNELL.

TITMARSH IN THREE DIMENSIONS

A Consideration of Thackeray. By GEORGE SAINTSBURY. Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.

The embargo laid by Thackeray upon biographical memoirs of himself seems to have been tacitly extended to critical appreciation and analysis. In proportion to his literary stature and the scope and span of his work he has received a strangely meagre meed of that patient, detailed, and often illuminating criticism so freely devoted—for example—to Shakespeare, Dickens, and Browning. Few great critics have turned aside to concentrate either upon Titmarsh the humorist, essayist, and versifier or upon William Makepeace Thackeray the novelist, and even now, when this Consideration by one of the greatest of them all, living or dead, sets his figure in full relief, the method of presentation prevents that flood-lit effect which might have been desired by the pious Titmarshite and anticipated by the faithful Saintsburian.

It is twenty-three years since the Oxford University Press edition of Thackeray appeared in seventeen volumes, each graced by an introductory essay from the pen of the then Regius Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. These essays have now been collected and reprinted, "with a very few corrections which Time and Chance have made desirable," and they thus become accessible to the lover of Thackeray who does not possess and has little hope of possessing them in their original framework. Their colour and energy, their reasoned enthusiasm and intimate knowledge, prevent them from proclaiming aloud that they are mere harbingers to "the thing itself." There is no sense of incompleteness or of lopsidedness: but there is one lack which will be felt by all who know and savour the style of this particular commentator—the lack of quotations. Nobody ever had a more joyous gift of revelatory citation than he: citation that never perplexes or retards, is never excessive or inapposite, never fails to throw a new gleam of light upon his subject or, which is sometimes of far greater interest, upon himself. Such interludes would obviously have been superfluous in any essay prefixed to the actual text with which it is concerned.

The late Sir Edmund Gosse once paid a well-deserved tribute to the almost miraculous manner in which Professor Saintsbury is able to divest himself of every shred of partisan prejudice before donning his judicial robes. Summoned before that gallant Tory, monarchist, and (to coin a new compound) *joie-de-viveur*, the stoutest Whig, the most implacable Republican, the most austere ascetic, will receive unswerving justice. He will be acquitted or condemned, exalted or cast down, not for what he has taught, or felt, or done, but for what he has written, and more especially for the fashion in which he has written it. This implies no inhuman detachment on the part of the κριτής. Once outside the frontiers of literature his ardours and aversions are more vehement and more enduring than those of the majority of men; yet they remain powerless to deflect his judgment or, within those frontiers, to distort his view.

Of his personal admiration and affection for Thackeray he makes no secret. He calls him "an author who has been for nearly forty years more frequently in the hands and more constantly in the head and heart of the student (himself) than any other in prose and almost than any other in rhyme." And here is a fresh example of that rare faculty noted by Gosse, for there are many points of sharp divergence between this author and this "student." The Professor may find it difficult to forgive Thackeray the man for his sentimental anti-militarism, his loose and uninformed opinions on matters ecclesiastical, his slightly fuzzy Radical theories, his excess of rigour in castigating the third and fourth Georges, his "rather tasteless and overdone *fronde* against the Prince Consort" (it cannot be denied that "Halbert, Usband of the British Crownd," was a mercilessly apposite label): but the fullest pardon is freely bestowed upon Titmarsh the writer, "Poet Laureate, Historiographer-Royal and Jester at once to the goddess Melancholia."

Time, which has delivered us from so many Victorian complexes, good and bad, has at last released us from the distressing conviction that Thackeray must be eternally weighed against Dickens, as Swift balanced Handel against Bononcini and Scott made Fox the perpetual pendant of Pitt. Each giant is now permitted to stand alone, and both, alas, are becoming faintly blurred with the gradual mosses of oblivion. Controversy as to which was the greater has died away, either because we are too wise or because we are too languid to revive it. Yet it is inevitable that new points of contrast should protrude whenever the mind and art of either happen to be under review. When the essentially English quality of Thackeray's genius is stressed we become conscious of the strong, strange, Gallic streak in Dickens, a streak which probably accounts for the higher favour he enjoys with "our lively neighbour the Gaul," and which manifests itself in his love for the grotesque as distinct from the fantastic, one of the most significant differences between his humour and that of his rival. The *génie créateur* of Thackeray has its obvious counterpart in the *génie évocateur* of Dickens, and when we revert to Titmarsh's divagations into Cockney speech we realise that here, as in his phonetic Anglo-French extravagances, he is condescending, a little self-consciously and even shamefacedly, to use a debased and alien tongue, whereas Dickens through the lips of Sam Weller or Sairey Gamp is simply lapsing into his natural vernacular. Again, we can hardly contemplate Thackeray's long, rhetorical digressions without perceiving that exactly where Dickens is at his feeblest he is at the top of his form.

It is no small privilege to be permitted to consider—or, perhaps, to reconsider—this great Victorian in such incomparably good company: to enjoy once more the unforgotten force and fervour of onset and approach, the piled-up bounty of image and allusion, quip and apophthegm, the large sanity within whose farflung boundaries nonsense may dwell unafraid, that familiar conjunction of vehemence and gentleness, those rich labyrinths of parenthesis and afterthought. *A propos* of Thackeray's style, his most illustrious interpreter remarks that "what is alive is very seldom perfect," and the same saying might well be applied to his own. Yet who would exchange this vivid and abounding "aliveness" for any frozen symmetry of perfection?

To those who have watched faithfully for the occasional essays, introductions and reviews, which are all that "G. S." has "released" during the last few years, this little book will bring a renewed sense of contact with a mind that has retained its characteristic forms and colours unwarped and unfaded through four changeful decades. The landscape and the perspective are always the same, the earth meets the sky at the invariable vanishing-point, the figures that move in the foreground never lose their remembered vivacity and charm: only, if we look more closely at the latest of these later works, it may seem to some of us that the pervading light has altered a little. It is as clear as ever, but tinged now with mellow gold and unchequered by any wind-driven cloud: it is a quiet light that falls steadily and kindly upon all things, throwing them into new relief by casting longer shadows on the ground.

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But the ordinary reader, though preserving his humility in the face of so much learning, may perhaps be allowed here and there to harbour a doubt: and when he lights upon dogmatic statements which do not agree with the statements of experts whom he has been accustomed to respect, the doubts tend to become insistent, and he begins, with bated breath, to ask questions. Especially does one hesitate on seeing the word "must" repeatedly used when "just possibly may" would appear to be the more suitable verb: and one gradually learns to look on this word as a sign-post calling for caution. Thus, for example, in the section devoted to Greece, we are repeatedly told that Homer "must" have lived about 800 B.C. Now, as we know many scholars who *n'en voient pas la nécessité*, we are a little less inclined than perhaps we ought to be to trust other assertions of Professor Schneider's which we cannot put to the test. We may also be unconsciously biased by insular prejudice, for we notice that the Professor seldom or never mentions an English authority, and he even defines evolution in almost the exact words of Herbert Spencer—as the process by which "a homogeneous and undifferentiated object changes by regular degrees in continuous progression to a hetereogeneous (*sic*) differentiated object"—without mentioning Spencer at all. In his remarks on Crete, unless we are mistaken, he does not refer to Sir Arthur Evans, nor, in speaking of Egypt, does he name Sir Flinders Petrie.

Again, when he turns aside to philology, we, though anxious to be his disciples, find ourselves forced to hesitate. He thinks that, in the Neolithic language (which, of course, has left no visible record) Man or Min was the name of the solar bull, and Har, Her, or Hor that of the young and victorious sun-hero. "The unity of the two," he says, "finds expression in Har-Min (Egyptian), Irmin, Her-man, and Men-hir. It is comprehensible that Herr (lord), Herz (heart), Haar (hair) and harren (to await) should have the same root." Nay more: Hercules appears to him to be Her-kures, the young Har, Her, or Hor; and the old deity Man or Min lingers on in the Greek words mēn (the emphatic particle), mĕnos (strength), mēnis (wrath), mania (madness); while mēnuo (to inform), minutho (to fade away), recall the dying hero, and manthano (to learn), mantis (a seer or dervish), point to the giver of sacred knowledge and the frenzy of the orgies. We pupils wonder whether the master is *quite* right here. (Incidentally, half the Greek words in this passage are misprinted.) Occasionally, it is true, Dr. Schneider himself hints uncertainty and hesitates the possibility of error. The Sumerian word for *sun* is *bar-bar*: Dr. Schneider is not sure whether this is the origin of the word *barbarian*. The Greeks *may* (not *must*) have met people who called themselves Bar-bars or Children of the Sun. We, too, are not sure. The Hebrew *ashpath* means much the same as the English *ashpit*; but there is no reason to imagine that our nation could not invent both the thing and the name without the assistance of the Chosen People.

This suggests that we should turn to Dr. Schneider's section on the Jews; and here again we meet with statements which we should like to see supported by arguments. Samson is a solar myth: it is clearly he, not David, who overcame the giant as a child; and, when he found honey in the lion, he was Heracles conquering death. At least, we murmur, a note might have been added to the effect that some good scholars are by no means sure that the Samson-saga is a solar myth: and the absence of such notes makes us restive when the Professor informs us that the people of Judaea learned the alphabet from the Philistines and thus at second-hand from Crete.

The dragon-tribe of Rechabites, it appears, must have had a very close connection with the snake-god Yahu; there were no "children of Israel"; there never was a passage through the Red Sea; Aaron was not a man but the Ark personified; Moses was still less—he was the pious invention of a later age. At this point, indeed, Professor Schneider thinks it desirable to offer proof. "We shall demonstrate this," he tells us. Thirty pages later comes the demonstration, of which it is safe to remark that all it says has been said before, and that many even of the most advanced Biblical students remain convinced that Moses *did* exist, that something did happen at the Sea of Reeds, and that a strange manifestation occurred at a volcanic mountain which helps to explain the later history of the Jews.

All this is not to say that there is not much suggestive philosophic reflection in the book, or that facts are not skilfully collected and marshalled to teach a lesson. The essential unity of history is well brought out; and the besetting sin of certain philosophers, to press analogies as if they were arguments, is carefully avoided. Evolution, which we can now trace with fair accuracy in the life of an individual human being, can only with many reservations be predicated of the tribe, the nation, or the race; and it is one of the merits of Professor Schneider's work that his generalisations are based not on theories but on what are at any rate presented as facts.

E. E. KELLETT.

CINEMAMANIA

Cinema: A Review of Thirty Years' Achievement. By C. A. LEJEUNE. Maclehose. 5s.

Celluloid: The Film To-day. By PAUL ROTHA. Longmans. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Rotha and Mrs. Lejeune are two exceptionally intelligent critics of the cinema. Their enthusiasm and partiality may be compared with the zealotry of those who have devoted themselves to the marionette theatre, who have sought out its history and made difficult journeys to see the performances of their taste. Even the fifty years' history of the cinema has an antique glow for them, and they delight, not in the rareness of their art, but in the fact that every town has it flickering in a dark room round the corner. And from its popularity the cinema comes to assume a "bigness" for them; the studios and cameras and picture-palaces and spot lights become a whole, which they dignify as "Cinema." A good film is cinema, an engine-wheel revolving or a flight of gulls is cinema. This is only the jargon of a proper enthusiasm, but the cult of popularity and the belief in a stupendous movie world leads to some extraordinary highbrow fantasies. Mrs. Lejeune, for example, is amused by "Mickey the Mouse," but her analysis of this amusement reads strangely:

> Walt Disney's cartoons are, to my mind, the most imaginative, witty, and satisfying productions that can be found in the modern cinema. It is surely beside the point to argue that the cartoon is not, and never can be, the highest form of expression in any medium. . . . I can imagine finer films than *Mickey Mouse* and the *Silly Symphonies*, but I cannot walk into a theatre and see them.

Well, well; and there are worse tunes than "Pop Goes the Weazel." But Mrs. Lejeune soars higher:

> I seem to remember that Miss Florence Austral, in a newspaper report of a recent speech, was made to complain that the modern public is neglecting Mozart for Mickey Mouse, as though that were the extreme measure of popular stupidity. For my part, I can think of nothing in modern entertainment for which Mozart could be more fitly neglected.

"Fitly" seems hardly the word, until Mrs. Lejeune explains:

> Disney's cartoons are right for the age, because, like the Russian propagandist films, they are so completely of the age—thinking along the lines of this generation, speaking in the popular idiom. The only production in any art that is strong and valid is the definitely social expression of a civilisation. . . . Disney draws his cartoons under the influence of contemporary western thought, derives his plots from the affairs of daily life, and their popularity is only the drawing together of a generation and its problems, the discovery by an audience of its own face.

There is a programme, for cinema-goers, of Mr. Walt Whitman Disney's jazz! It brings back Marinetti! But how astonishing to find that Mrs. Lejeune is the film-critic, not of *Catherine Wheels*, but the *Observer*!

The serious fan is a new sort of a critic. Mrs. Lejeune and Mr. Rotha are both fans, and both serious. They are also intelligent, cultured, witty, absorbed, persuasive; and one is glad to read whatever they may write. But on this question of Cinema they are mad! How is it that a long study of films seems always to affect the balance of judgment? Is it perhaps physiological, a matter of eye-strain and being too much in the dark? Whatever the cause, there is a cinemamania, more violent than bibliomania, melomania, or any other art-madness, and it seems to afflict the most intelligent. *Celluloid* and *Cinema* are written from an inflated standard of art-values which in criticism of the same class can only be paralleled by the columns of certain novel-reviewers. Consistent over-praise of this sort chills. Disregarding it, the reader will find in these two books much lively and discriminating criticism of recent films, a great deal of knowledge of the achievement and working methods of the best film-directors, and a recognition of the good qualities particular to the cinema. The authors know all that need be known about their own subject: would to Heaven they could relate it in proportion to the rest of things!

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THE PROTECTIONISTS' FAITH

Through Tariffs to Prosperity. By H. G. WILLIAMS. Philip Allan. 7s. 6d.

This book is an example of how far even the widest practical experience and the most thorough familiarity with relevant facts can be stultified by slipshod logic and a misunderstanding of economic first principles. Its good qualities cannot be denied. It is admirably documented. It might well serve as a reference-book on the history of the Protectionist and "Safeguarding" movement in Great Britain, which is concisely, yet fully, described from its origin until the present day. It contains some pertinent criticisms of many crude arguments, both Protectionist and Free Trade, which still cumber the ground of contemporary controversy. Moreover, it is sanely, clearly, and, within its limitations, reasonably written—by no means a common attribute of Protectionist propaganda.

Its thesis, however, will not bear detailed examination. Mr. H. G. Williams is not content to look on Protection as a *pis aller*, mere self-defence in a Protectionist world; he holds the view—"somewhat unusual" as he himself admits—that world Protection is better than world Free Trade. "I believe," he writes, "that as a result of protective tariffs the world has experienced a higher level of prosperity than would otherwise have been the case." This surprising creed rests on the argument that the "natural selection" theory of Free Trade, by which each locality should undertake the production of those commodities for which Nature had equipped it, condemned those inhabiting poorly equipped regions to remain poor for generation after generation. (Presumably the poorer a region is, the more completely it should be cut off, for its own good, from the rest of the world, and thrown on its own resources!) One wonders if Mr. Williams has ever heard of *comparative* costs. The shred of truth at the bottom of this doctrine of Protection and Progress is summed up on page 102: "The Free Trade doctrine is that of 'following'; the Protectionist doctrine is that of 'directing.'" By introducing an element of planning into the national life, Protection may in some cases have accelerated economic advance. But it is, after all, possible to get one's planning less expensively.

Most of Mr. Williams' arguments, however, are more familiar. There is the old denial of the connection—even long run—between imports and exports; this is coupled with the naive suggestion that any export trades deprived of their foreign markets could find equally profitable occupation in supplying the British makers of those goods whose imports had been cut off. One would like to see how the home market might absorb Lancashire's output of cotton. There is, again, the threadbare "mass production" argument, which Mr. Garvin has lately revived, with charming diagrams, in the *Observer*. But why, if mass production is a panacea and methods and capital are available, cannot our manufacturers adopt it without waiting for a tariff, and so cut their costs and recapture their lost markets at once? The actual answer is presumably a psychological one; but the fact that our iron and steel magnates and others refuse to conduct their business rationally, unless bribed by tariffs, is an argument less for tariffs than for a change of management in the industries concerned.

To deal with all the other fallacies contained in this work—the "tax the foreigner" fallacy, the "capacity production" fallacy, and our old Protectionist friend the fallacy of composition—would take too long, and the instances above must serve. *Through Tariffs to Prosperity* gives an excellent insight into the Protectionist mind, and an authoritative statement of facts relevant to the Protectionist case; but it is hardly a serious contribution either to economic theory or to fiscal practice.

HUME

David Hume. By J. Y. T. GREIG. Cape. 16s.

Hume's thought should be of particular interest to-day, since his critique of science and of the whole basis of knowledge underlies one of the main movements in modern thought. Mr. Greig writes:

> His (Hume's) scepticism was peculiar. . . . It extended only to the theory of knowledge, metaphysics and its pendant, natural theology, and not to ethics, politics or common life. What he doubted was the power of human reason to pronounce judgment on the highest themes. What he never doubted was the power of human instinct—or imagination, as he often called it—to conduct and regulate our everyday affairs.

The distinction is not one which could be permanently maintained. To Hume it was simply a matter of philosophic interest to point out that the common-sense view of cause and effect is a logical absurdity. To those who to-day tend more and more to feel that every aspiration and every hope of man is a logical absurdity, Hume's annihilating questions have become a matter of great practical importance.

Mr. Greig's book is primarily a biography, and Hume's philosophy is treated as incidental to his life. It is a question whether such a method can give a fair impression of a man whose life is completely unimportant and whose philosophy is one of the landmarks in European thought. For example, the reader is quite unprepared by anything in the book for the excitement and delight with which Hume was received in Paris when he went there in 1763 as Secretary to Lord Hertford, the English Ambassador. Why should the French make such a fuss over this plump, good-natured and obscure Scotchman?—for that is how David Hume appears in this biography, in spite of the fact that Mr. Greig nowhere underestimates Hume's philosophic importance. There is simply no chance, in such a book, to make that philosophic importance felt. Mere allusion to it is unconvincing, just as a novel is unconvincing whose hero is merely described as a brilliant talker.

However, in spite of this indirect effect of seeming to diminish Hume's stature, Mr. Greig's book is entertaining and informative. It gives a good picture of life in Scotland in the middle of the eighteenth century, and it is the first account of Hume to offer a reasonable explanation for some of the contradictions in Hume's nature. Hume, for example, was a die-hard Tory in English politics, and in his whole view of English history. But in metaphysics, epistemology, economics, ethics and theology Hume was a radical. And strangest of all, he was a radical in his attitude toward the American Colonists and their grievances. Since politics and history were among Hume's chief interests, it is astonishing that he should approach them in such a different frame of mind from that in which he approached the rest of his work. Mr. Greig suggests a psychological explanation which, when baldly summarised, must seem somewhat thin, but which is quite convincing as it is developed in the book.

> The paradox may be accounted for by means of unresolved antipathies, rooted, though perhaps not completely buried in his past life. . . . The most significant events (in Hume's early days) for an understanding of the grown man were his inconclusive struggles in religion. . . . Until about the age of 45 his bitterness against churchmen, never mind of what sect or creed, exceeded all reasonable bounds. . . . The "religious Whigs"—these became objects of an almost blind aversion. . . . Meantime, however, at the age of 40, he had changed his mode of life. He met and got to know and like the Moderates of the Scottish Kirk.

Mr. Greig then suggests that what Hume did, in middle life, was to transfer his aversion from the "religious Whigs" whom he had fought in his youth to the political Whigs who just at that time were indulging in a violent anti-Scotch campaign. So the philosophical and theological radical became, in his middle years, the arch-conservative in English domestic politics—though in foreign affairs, such as the American discontent, his instinctive anti-authoritarian bias could still make itself felt.

Mr. Greig has one serious fault as historian: people and institutions of which he disapproves are pictured as quite inhumanly stupid and perverse. The worst example is his treatment of Calvinism in the second chapter, but his attitude toward Toryism is almost as unimaginative. In a politician such wholesale contempt for opponents may be useful; but in an historian, whose function is to understand, it is unfortunate.

HERBERT AGAR.

GENTLE SHAKESPEARE

Shakespeare Versus Shallow. By LESLIE HOTSON. Nonesuch Press. 12s. 6d.

In a modest preamble to his discovery, Dr. Hotson explains the methods by which he achieved it. He is indebted, he acknowledges, first and foremost to the stimulating work of Halliwell-Phillipps and to a hint, which that researcher once threw out, that the Queen's Bench rolls would be worth sifting. Dr. Hotson, as his readers already know, combines patience with sudden flashes of inspiration. His proceedings may be those laid down by scholarship, but his results suggest that he is something of a diviner. Thus, while ploughing through the documents he had chosen, he was "arrested by a special set of entries described as 'petitions for sureties of the peace.'" Here were brief records

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of petitions, in which the petitioner demands "security for the peace," alleging that his life or property has been threatened and he himself driven to seek the safeguards of the Law. It was customary, if such a complaint was laid, for the person complained of to be summoned that he might enter into a bond to keep the peace. Queer company for the "gentle Shakespeare" of popular legend! But Dr. Hotson, urged forward by his good genius, worked ahead up to 1596 and put his finger, among the roll of entries for Michaelmas term, on the startling document which forms the basis of his discovery:

> . . . Be it known that William Wayte craves sureties of the peace against William Shakspere, Francis Langley, Dorothy Soer wife of John Soer, and Anne Lee, for fear of death, and so forth.

These petitions can usually be paralleled by counter-petitions, coming from the other side; and, amid earlier entries, Dr. Hotson now unearthed a petition from Langley against Wayte, with whom was bracketed a certain William Gardener.

Who was Langley? Who were Gardener and Wayte? His answer to the questions which naturally followed fills the remainder of Dr. Hotson's substantial volume. Langley was the proprietor of the Swan Theatre and, in that capacity, often at loggerheads with the City Fathers. Wayte was the stepson and tool of Gardener, who was himself none other than Justice Gardiner, a magistrate with jurisdiction over the Bankside, a moneylender and crooked businessman, as prosperous as he was universally detested, the typical *arriviste* of Elizabethan society. From the material already at his command Dr. Hotson was able to add several useful and important details to our knowledge of Shakespeare's movements at that period. We see the dramatist—though perforce it is a mere glimpse—engaged in one of those acrimonious squabbles which raged so bitterly in Elizabethan London. Last of all, beneath the lineaments of Justice Shallow, Dr. Hotson bids us recognise William Gardiner.

Shallow has been identified in the past with the respectable Sir Thomas Lucy of Stratford, who, like Shallow, bore "white luces" on his coat of arms. But Gardiner's first wife was born a Lucy, and Gardiner had the right to impale her arms, which, in fact he did—white luces of the best!—side by side with his own golden griffin. "White louses do become an old coat well . . ." But at this point a reader may be inclined to pause, asking himself whether he has not been carried away by the infectious enthusiasm of his guide. That Shakespeare intended a satirical reference Dr. Hotson has established as highly probable. His audience, denizens of the Bankside, who bore the brunt of the wily Justice's evil temper, could have been relied on to appreciate a passing thrust; but it seems unnecessary to proceed to the conclusion that Shallow was a definite portrait of a living man; which, indeed, is to ignore the processes of art. . . . However, though he may not have proved it up to the hilt, Dr. Hotson has made out an ingenious case, and discovered much that is enlightening on the way. His book is as entertaining a production as any dozen novels put together.

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Ten Generations of a Potting Family. By ROBERT NICHOLLS. Lund, Humphries. 3s. 6d.

This book is a compilation, frankly acknowledged as such, and is founded upon William Turner's *William Adams, an old English Potter* and other works on the Adams family — out of print and difficult or expensive to procure—with such additions and corrections as recent research has suggested. As the price of the book puts it within reach of all collectors of English earthenware it is very welcome, particularly as Mr. Nicholls has devoted much of the space at his disposal to descriptions of the wares turned out by the famous old firm, and has given many pages of useful illustrations. Apart from its technical side the little book has biographical and antiquarian merits that should appeal to others besides collectors, for it tells the story of one of the earliest and most famous firms of potters in Staffordshire and deals with a family which from the fifteenth century to the present day has been established in the Potteries.

Conversations with Oscar Wilde. By A. H. COOPER-PRICHARD. Philip Allan. 7s. 6d.

One of Oscar Wilde's remarks, as here recalled after thirty years, runs to ten pages; it was addressed to the author at a dog-show. Nor, though entirely about dogs, did it exhaust the great man's views upon that subject. "Hal," he observed a little later, "the mere calling them 'dumb' animals in itself should be an appeal to our highest nature and our kindest treatment of them. Besides, how much better it would be if most of us were dumb!" The book is largely devoted to whiskered and venerable gibes at the British aristocracy. The League of Nations, short hair for women, war in the air, and other late developments are unerringly foretold by the author or his hero, and received, of course, with hoots of derision. The whole book is uncommonly tedious.

Skara Brae. V. GORDON CHILDE. Kegan Paul. 31s. 6d.

Of all archæological remains Skara Brae must rank among the most mysterious and romantic. Even after his methodical excavation and investigation Professor Childe can barely suggest reasons for the survival of an unadulterated Bronze Age village throughout the Iron Age, lying surrounded by the brochs of the latter people. Like the Pompeiians, the inhabitants fled in precipitate haste, leaving their cooking vessels, weapons and treasures lying about as in use. A sandstorm was the cause of their flight. In one of the huts a woman broke her necklace at a narrow doorway in her hurry to escape and ran on, leaving a trail of beads across the floor. From a purely archæological point of view Skara Brae is unique among Northern relics because of the complete preservation afforded it by the sand and the fact that, since Orkney is a treeless region, such household furniture as was usually of wood was here made of stone. The present village was built on the site of older villages, whose middens and remains are still extant, and, after the flight from the first sandstorm, it was again occupied from time to time in vagrant fashion. In his book Professor Childe has done full justice to his own work of excavation, which is the highest praise we can give him.

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The Journal of a Tent Dweller. By FAY INCHFAWN. R.T.S. 3s. 6d.

With a quiet, humdrum delicacy of style, the author of this book records the events and emotions which accompanied a long illness. The trifles of which she writes are those which seem most likely to force their attention upon the mind of a sick woman; but the impression made upon a normal reader is that Fay Inchfawn has deliberately sought out unconsidered commonplaces and made them interesting in their novelty. The title of the book is misleading, as the headings of the sections in it show; the "Tent" is symbolical of the body which is liable to be damaged and require repairing. The analogy is far-fetched enough to disappoint unfortunate "hikers" who might expect encouragement and advice from its pages.

Jeddith Keep. By ELSA LINGSTROM. Philip Earle. 7s. 6d.

Jeddith Keep, after a rather unpromising beginning, develops into a level-headed story. It has the merit of a conclusion that is possible and surprising, and, like all real conclusions, in itself a beginning again. Laura Shirley returns to England after sixteen years in Australia to make friends with her daughter Judith, who, brought up by relations as their own child, has until then no certainty that Laura, as her mother, really exists. Perhaps it is because the end of *Jeddith Keep* is the beginning of Judith's story that Judith herself has little appeal. It is Laura who is the real heroine of the book, and she is living enough; charming, sane, well balanced and entirely credible, she has all our sympathy from the first. Unfortunately, many of the characters are the very people one would seek to avoid in life, and they are so realistically drawn that they remain equally unattractive in fiction. But the love-story of Laura and Sandy Glynne, told in retrospect, is delightful and vivid, and makes us feel justified in looking forward to something more exciting in Miss Lingstrom's second novel.

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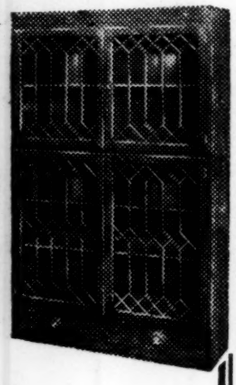

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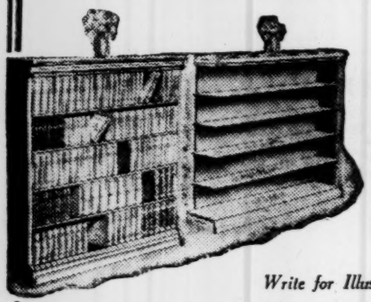

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About Motoring

A NEW LANCHESTER CAR

I AM old enough to remember an epoch when the Lanchester was the only good car on the British market—if you disbelieve that assertion, open your Kipling and read "Steam Tactics" over again. Since those far-off days other cars have pulled back the flying start which Lanchester stole from them, and Lanchester policy has been a trifle unenterprising. The firm has never built a bad or even an indifferent car; but was content for a time to build cars which were merely good and did not tower head and shoulders above their competitors. I am inclined to think that their cars even in their leanest periods were always as good as anybody's else's, and better than most; but when Queen Victoria died an age of vulgarity dawned upon us, and clever advertising became more important than sound quality. Rival factories paid their chief engineer a small salary, and their publicity man a high salary. The publicity man saw that the name of those cars was always on the public lips. The Lanchester people refused to hoot and screech; and saw themselves outsold. But they retained a quieter sort of fame. There are many households which might be described as Lanchester families. They have driven Lanchesters since the year dot, and please God they never intend to drive anything else.

And now we have fallen on times when the stately homes of England are mostly being converted into asylums or fever hospitals. The blue-blooded gentleman who automatically ordered an extra Lanchester for each scion of the old stock, as the age for a driving licence was attained, is now reduced to buying one Ford for the entire family, and paying even for that by instalments. The new rich, who draw their £10,000 a year as the reward of selling more gramophones or rayon pants than anybody else can sell, prefer something more lurid than the Lanchester; possibly something painted pink and emitting noises like a machine gun; but certainly something more at home in the strident atmosphere which is their daily breath. So the list of Lanchester clients has shrunk, and the great factory has at last been forced to produce a comparatively small and cheap car. True to its traditions, it resolved to build the finest 15 h.p. in the world; and I think it has actually succeeded, for I shall only pass one criticism upon it. Rated at 15–18 h.p. it sells at £565 in standard saloon form, and bears manifold signs of its association with the Daimler combine. It is equipped with the best gear box in the world—the Wilson preselector, already rendered famous by Daimler and Armstrong Siddeley. It is also fitted with the Daimler fluid flywheel, which permits the car to be driven mainly on the throttle. There is no clutch. A glance at the front cockpit reveals three pedals, as usual. The two pedals to the right are the normal brake and accelerator. The left-hand pedal is the executive control of the Wilson gear; it is only used to receive a light tap when a gear-change is desired. The car is stopped simply by closing the throttle, and started simply by opening the throttle. This is the most advanced transmission in the world, and is British in design and British in workmanship. No combination of free-wheels and twin-tops and synchro-mesh and other transatlantic enthusiasms can match it for simplicity, convenience and silence. The engine is taxed at £18, and is designed with three aims in view, namely, great smoothness of running, exceptional silence, and ease of maintenance. These aims are well fulfilled. To quote two somewhat remarkable examples of the last objective, the valves will operate silently at almost any tappet clearance. The average owner is familiar with the average tappet. He hears a nasty mechanical clatter from his valve gear, and spends a distracting hour or two armed with a couple of special spanners, a feeler gauge, and a starting handle. Unless he sets all the eight, twelve or sixteen clearances correct to a hair, the engine will "tap." Unfortunately, the mere act of tightening the lock-nut is apt to derange the carefully "felt" clearance; it is a blasphemous job, as even an archangel would admit. Lanchester has invented a new cam form which seems indifferent to tappet clearances; there is no tap with a "ten thou" clearance; equally, there is no tap with a "thirty thou" clearance. I know it sounds incredible, but it is none the less a fact. Another blasphemous adjunct of most otherwise excellent motor cars is the gland which seals the water pump. On the best cars you can get at it; on the worst cars you can hardly get at it. But in either case it eventually leaks; and precise tightening is

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often a job for a super-mechanic, since over-tightening cuts the shaft, and under-tightening perpetuates the leak. The Lanchester pump has a new form of sealing gland, which appears to be pluperfect. These items are admittedly minutiæ; but perfection is composed of a host of minutiæ. I have seldom heard such oaths as foamed out the other day from a driver who was reversing on an Alpine hairpin with a car which has a servo-brake of the suction type. He accidentally stopped his engine, and was slow to realise that his servo had thereby gone out of action. The Lanchester has a servo brake, so that weak women need not tread on the brake pedal as an Oxford stroke thrusts at his stretcher when Cambridge begin to steal their inevitable lead. But the Lanchester brake operates manfully when the engine is dead. The suspension is both firm and silky, and its shacklepins rest in ball bearings. The coachwork is all of the high-class type associated with good cars. Nothing is scamped anywhere in the specification. The designer's plan is to furnish a really good motor car of medium size which should satisfy all the needs of a fastidious owner for a long terms of years.

I hinted earlier in this appreciation that I have just one fault to find with it, but confess that a milder type of driver would accord the car full marks. For my one criticism relates to the speed on third gear. As is normal with a Wilson gear box, all four gears are exceptionally quiet. On top gear a speed of round about seventy miles an hour is attainable. This speed is not dependent on meticulous tappet adjustments, and should be permanently available; it may even be exceeded by several miles an hour when the car is thoroughly run in. Third gear is much slower; it will not furnish quite as much as 50 m.p.h. A gear of this calibre is exceedingly pleasant in mountainous country, and is certainly adequate for climbing. But my preference is for rather a high third, which facilitates overtaking on congested British roads. I suspect that these Wilson boxes are being standardised for the sake of cheapness in manufacture, and their chief sponsors are two factories which cater principally for the quieter type of driver. But as this Wilson box gains in popularity, I hope it will be offered with an optional set of ratios including a faster third gear.

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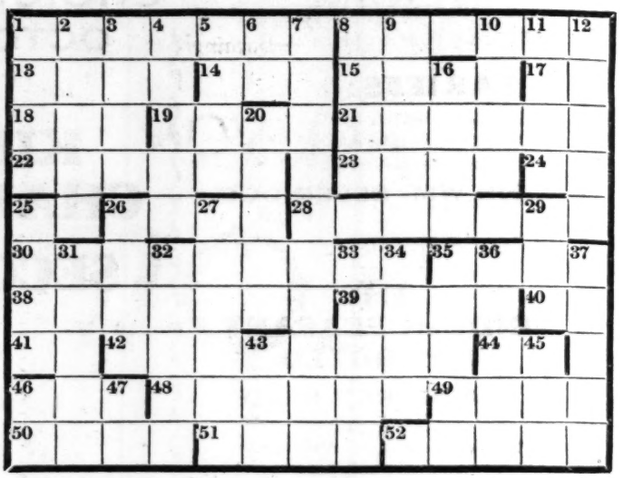

HATS OFF, GENTLEMEN!

In graceful recognition of Trinculo's umptieth birthday, four hats and ten caps have been removed.

ACROSS.

1. Is said to have mated with a queen.
8. Attraction of Julia's locks.
13. Always old when human.
14. *rev.* Not impossible to the poet.
15. Arrest on the screen.
17. Suggested lining for a magistrate's belly.
18. Coined from an untruth.
19. *rev.* Indian footman, Mexican debtor.
21. Here are castles in Spain.
22. This boy may become a millionaire.
23. One of Apollo's "props."
24, 44. Tooth of 10 *dn.*
25. My vaulting ambition o'erleapt itself.
26. "Jollies."
28 *rev.* I was deputed to minister to an ass.
30. Mr. Selkirk thought its advantages over-rated.
35 *rev.* Worry.
38. Useful adjunct both to beer and skittles.
39. "Dole"ful committee.
40. Grottesque island.
41. You'll get this with ease too.
42. I'm *not* Mr. Speaker.
44. See 24 *ac.*
46 *rev.* I come after cancer.
48. A pretty stiff one.
49. Look for me at Washington.
50. Here you can get the "wind" up.
51. He may who sprints.
52. Mr. Snowden thinks we shall continue to do this.

DOWN.

1. I mean much the same with my cap off.
2. Wallace, but not Edgar.
3. Ananias might emerge from this hiding-place.
4. Provender turned up in Asia.
5. One of these new gases.
6. Just a line from the graver.
7. Put me in the parlour window.
8. My appreciation is not universally appreciated.
9 *rev.* This lad is just made of poetry.
10. What Joan of Arc became.
11. Not much of a domain, and sounds unpleasant too.
12 *rev.* The market price of cerebration.
16. Not the resting-place I should recommend.
20. Cæsar enjoins a snack.
25. Just a fancy.
26 *rev.* Fast enough with me.
27. The sailor evolved from a rogue.
29 *rev.* 10 *dn*'s is golden.
31. To-night I shall not be far away.
32. Mark divides me from 51 *ac.*
33. River with a glum beginning.
34. Lille is in my department.
35 *rev.* Limited supply gives many colours.
36. My claus requires some interpretation.
37. Here dwelt Elizabeth.
43. Ten cents less fifty.
45. There are diamonds in my garden.
46, 47. Likewise backwards.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS.—1. antimacassars. 13. reindeer. 14. pence. 16. independence. 19. trident. 21. ensets. 22. henna (*Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*). 24. Sunder(land). 25. za. 26. ream *rev.* 27. gurgle. 31. sat. 32. Essene. 33. iris (two meanings). 34. G.R.I. 36. Tosti. 37. coal. 38. Ro(m)eo, 39. i nan-e. 41. anise. 42. ten. 43. shibboleths.

DOWN.—1. arithmetic. 2. Nen. 3. tidiness. 4. ined (deni-grate). 5, 6. mdse. 7. centurion. 8. Arden (*As You Like It*). 9. spend. 10. sense. 11. (d)ancers. 12. sensations. 15. Aztec *rev.* 17. pea. 18. ensue. 20. reasons. 23. intern *rev.* 27. being *rev.* 28. grail (two meanings). 29. lilse (lisle). 30. terse *rev.* 34. Goth. 35. seer *rev.* 37. cab(riolet). 40. Ah.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR

THE WORLD CRISIS DEEPENS AS WE GO ELECTIONEERING—GERMANY IN EXTREMIS—AMERICA IN PERIL—"MAJORITIES"

WHILE our "National" Government, bereft of its senses, goes electioneering, the economic storm gathers force and is now centred with black intensity over the gold standard countries. Observe the distance it has travelled and the ruin it has left behind. It gathered its original force in the primary producing countries when the prices of raw materials began to tumble. This year it burst over the countries which had been crippled by the Peace Treaties and the payments of war reparations. It next broke over the world's banker. This country was forced to seek shelter in a currency unlinked with gold and others followed its lead. So the centre of the storm shifted to the gold standard countries and we now observe the lightning striking the banking houses and the Stock Exchanges with deadly effect. Germany suffers worst because she is tied by the Hague Agreement to the gold standard and has perforce to wait until her gold and foreign exchange reserves are exhausted. That small part of her private banking debts which has gradually to be repaid under the terms of the six-months "stand-still" agreement, concluded at Basle in August, may suffice to complete her gold departure before many days or weeks are gone. Her only alternative is to declare a complete moratorium of all external payments. Meanwhile her Government makes heroic efforts to avert the crash, tightening up the exchange restrictions, assuming virtual control of the banking system, keeping the Stock Exchange closed and putting stockbrokers on the "dole." In France there has been heavy liquidation on the Bourse and a run on the banks. The Banque National de Credit and the Banque de l'Union Parisienne have had to be helped and there is not a French bank which has not hastily withdrawn its dollar balances in the form of gold in order to meet emergencies at home. And so desperate has the situation become in America that Mr. Hoover has been forced to announce a New Plan.

* * *

The design of Mr. Hoover's "New Plan" is no doubt to save America by inflation. One thing is certain—that no action by any one country can end this slump. Only international action covering the whole field of exchange, prices and debts will suffice. If Mr. Hoover's plan does not work and the financial crisis in America becomes worse, any one of three things may happen—a closing of all the Stock Exchanges, a banking moratorium, or a suspension of gold exports. If panic seizes hold of the American public, perhaps all three may happen. Let us consider first the collapse in the New York Stock Exchanges of which I gave some warning in these columns on September 26th. The story is best told in the index numbers of security prices :—

Dow Jones Indices.	Low 1930. Dec. 16.	High 1931. Feb. 24.	Mar. 31.	June 27.	Sept. 30.	Oct. 4.	Oct. 5.
30 Industrials	157.6	193.9	170.7	156.9	96.6	86.5†	99.25
20 Railroads	91.6	111.75	95.3	88.3	53.6	45.7*	50.68

† Lowest since June 1924.
* Lowest since April 1897.

Mr. Hoover was, of course, responsible for the sharp recovery on Tuesday. The selling on Monday of this week was catastrophic. All classes of securities were subjected to heavy liquidation—bonds and common stocks, international and domestic issues. For example, U.S. Steel was sold down to 62¼ against a high point of 152⅜ this year, and American Telephone and Telegraph down to 121½ against a high level of 201¾. A persistent decline in security prices sets up a vicious circle. As the values of securities held as collateral shrink, forced liquidation of bank loans follows and more stocks are thrown on the market. The banking position in America has therefore become extremely unhealthy. Bank failures are a normal feature of American business and if a thousand banks had failed this year it would mean nothing if they were of the usual diminutive size. But recently there have been important failures. Between June and August 414 banks failed for $450,000,000 whereas in the corresponding period of 1930, 198 banks failed for $125,000,000. Mr. Parker Willis, an American banking authority, estimates in the *Financial News* that there are about $1,000,000,000 of bank assets in the hands of the receivers. This largely explains the shattering and persistent liquidation in the American stock markets. "Short" selling may be prohibited and "bear" operators expelled from the Stock Exchange, but if forced liquidation of this character goes on much longer, it will bring down the banks of household names which are tied to their subsidiary "securities" companies. Mr. Hoover's plan will have to deal with this contingency, even if its primary object is merely to save the frozen country banks by making their paper eligible for rediscount by the Federal Reserve banks.

* * *

Everyone in the City is asking whether the dollar is safe. When Great Britain departed from the gold standard on September 21st, America had about $5,000,000,000 of gold. Since then gold to the amount of $300,000,000 has been "earmarked" for withdrawal on foreign account while $115,000,000 has actually been exported. What is the extent of the "free" gold reserves? About $1,850,000,000 of the total gold stocks is not free at all, for it is in the hands of the Treasury earmarked against circulating gold certificates and other Government currency notes. The "free" gold reserves of the Federal Reserve Banks at September 30th were nominally about $1,472,000,000 as follows :—

Total gold reserve	$3,138,000,000
Less legal gold requirements—	
40 per cent. of notes circulating	$839,000,000
35 per cent. of deposits	$827,000,000
Margin of reserve	$1,472,000,000

But this "free" gold reserve has to meet the call for cover of increased note issues and deposits. Unfortunately note hoarding has been developing at an alarming pace for there is wholehearted distrust of the stability of the commercial banks. It has been estimated that in the past twelve months some $1,000,000,000 of Reserve Notes have been locked away in safe deposits. Now gold hoarding acts as a drain upon gold up to 40 per cent. of the notes demanded and at the present rate hoarding might reduce the gold reserves by some $500,000,000 in a few months. Further, there is a seasonal increase of some $300,000,000 in the note issue to be expected before the year's end. Consider next the possible extent of the withdrawals of dollar funds by European holders. The net liability of New York to foreign creditors on short term was over $2,000,000,000 at the end of 1930 and must be still about the same figure to-day. In any case it is well in excess of the "free" gold held over and above the minimum reserves. Of course, the Federal Reserve may suspend the regulations as to minimum reserves, so as to allow gold exports to continue, if necessary, after the "free" gold has been exhausted. Inflation may after all be forced upon America. It must be remembered that America has an unbalanced budget. The deficit for the year, if taxation is not increased, will be about $1,500,000,000. Last year's deficit was $903,000,000, which was covered by borrowing. If inflation does overtake America, it will, I think, bring us nearer to a world recovery.

* * *

For the speculative investor there are some tempting purchases even in the relatively stable markets on the London Stock Exchange. Swedish Match have fallen, as I write, to 4⅝ and Kreuger & Toll to 6. These shares of 100 kroner (£5 10s.) have never before been so low. Swedish Match were introduced on the London Stock Exchange in 1927 at £6 15s. The recent slump is attributed, as usual, to Continental liquidation, but I noticed that the selling cleverly anticipated by about 48 hours the announcement of the directors of Swedish Match that payment of the interim dividend of 5 per cent. would be withheld or postponed. A collapse in Germany might bring these shares down to still lower market values, seeing that the Swedish Match group has taken up a German Government loan of $125,000,000 in consideration of its share in the German Match monopoly, but as long as matches are being struck throughout the world the revenues of the other match monopolies will provide the cover for the payment of interest on the rest of the foreign Government loans which the group holds, these loans being specifically secured on the match monopoly receipts. Profits for the time being will have to be withheld from shareholders because they will be used to write-down the book values of the heavily depreciated foreign bond holdings, but as a long-term proposition the shares of Swedish Match seem cheap at 75 per cent. of their par value. Kreuger & Toll have wider interests and therefore wider complications at the present time, but its 5 per cent. secured debentures are not unattractive at 68. Allowing for the reduction in profits this year and omitting altogether trading or financing profits, the interest on these debentures should still be covered over eight times.

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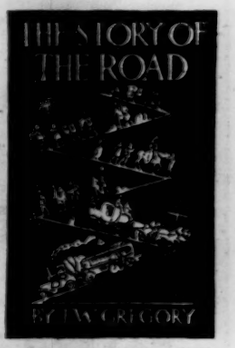

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OCTOBER, 1931

contains

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by

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All at 2.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

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ALDWYCH.	TURKEY TIME.	Wed. & Fri.
CAMBRIDGE.	ELIZABETH of ENGLAND.	Th., S.
DALY'S.	A COUNTRY GIRL.	Wed., Sat.
GLOBE.	THE IMPROPER DUCHESS.	Wed. & Sat.
HIPPODROME.	STAND UP AND SING.	Wed. & Sat.
LYRIC.	AUTUMN CROCUS.	Wed. & Sat.
PHŒNIX.	LATE NIGHT FINAL.	Wed. & Sat.
QUEEN'S.	BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE ST.	W. & S.
ST. MARTIN'S.	THE YOUNG IDEA.	Tues., Fri.
SAVOY.	SALOME.	Wed. & Sat., 2.40.
STRAND.	COUNSEL'S OPINION.	Th. & Sat.
WESTMINSTER.	THE ANATOMIST.	W., S.
WHITEHALL.	TAKE A CHANCE.	Mon. & Sat.
WYNDHAM'S.	THE CASE OF THE FRIGHTENED LADY.	Wed., Thurs.

THEATRES

ADELPHI. Tem. 7611. 8.15 sharp. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
GRAND HOTEL.
A play by VICKI BAUM.
Adapted by EDWARD KNOBLOCK.

ALDWYCH. Tem. Bar 6404.
Nightly at 8.15. Mats., Wed., Fri., 2.30.
TURKEY TIME.
Mary Brough and RALPH LYNN.

CAMBRIDGE. Evenings, 8.30. Thur., Sat., 2.30.
PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY and MATHESON LANG in
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Monday, October 26th.—"The Lilies of the Field" (Turner).
Tuesday, October 27th.—"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" (A. Pinero).
Wednesday, October 28th.—"Trelawney of the Wells" (A. Pinero).
Thursday, October 29th.—"The Insect Play" (Capek).
Friday, October 30th.—"Getting Married" (G. B. Shaw).
Saturday, October 31st.—Triple Bill of Three One-Act Plays: "Mrs. Adis" (Sheila Kaye Smith), "Double Demon" (A. P. Herbert), "30 Minutes in a Street" (Gertrude Mayor).

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A Course of two Lectures on "THEORY OF LANGUAGE AND PSYCHOLOGY OF SPEECH" will be given, in English, by PROFESSOR KARL BÜHLER (Professor of Psychology in the University of Vienna) at UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON (Gower Street, W.C.1) on OCTOBER 13th and 15th at 5.30 p.m. At the first Lecture the Chair will be taken by Professor Cyril L. Burt, D.Sc., M.A. (Professor of Education in the University).

The Creighton Lecture, entitled "HISTORY AND THE HISTORICAL NOVEL," will be given by PROFESSOR EDWARD JENKS, D.C.L., D.Litt., F.B.A. (Emeritus Professor of English Law in the University) at THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS (Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2) on WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14th at 5.30 p.m. The Chair will be taken by Sir William Beveridge, K.C.B., M.A., B.C.L., LL.D. (Director of the London School of Economics).

A Course of four Lectures on "BEZIEHUNGEN ZWISCHEN ENGLISCHER UND DEUTSCHER LITERATUR IM LAUFE DER JAHRHUNDERTE" will be given, in German, by PROFESSOR DR. W. STAMMLER (Professor of German Philology in the University of Greifswald) at UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON (Gower Street, W.C.1) on OCTOBER 15th, 16th, 22nd and 23rd at 5.30 p.m. At the first Lecture the Chair will be taken by His Excellency the German Ambassador (Baron von Neurath).

A Lecture on "THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF THE PRESENT LAW OF OWNERSHIP OF LAND" will be given by Mr. T. CYPRIAN WILLIAMS (One of the Conveyancing Counsel to the Court, and Bencher of Lincoln's Inn) at KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON (Strand, W.C.2) on WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21st, at 5.30 p.m. The Chair will be taken by The Right Hon. Lord Justice Lawrence, P.C.

A Course of six Lectures on "IMPERIAL DEFENCE" will be given by ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT W. RICHMOND, K.C.B., at UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON (Gower Street, W.C.1) on TUESDAYS, OCTOBER 20th, 27th, NOVEMBER 3rd, 10th, 17th and 24th, at 5.30 p.m.

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First meeting of S.S.I.P. LABOUR FORUM at Transport Hall, Transport House, Smith Square, S.W.1, at 7.30 p.m. on Sunday, October 11th. Speaker: G. D. H. Cole on "The Crisis." General discussion will follow. All Socialists who are members of any Labour organisation are invited.

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